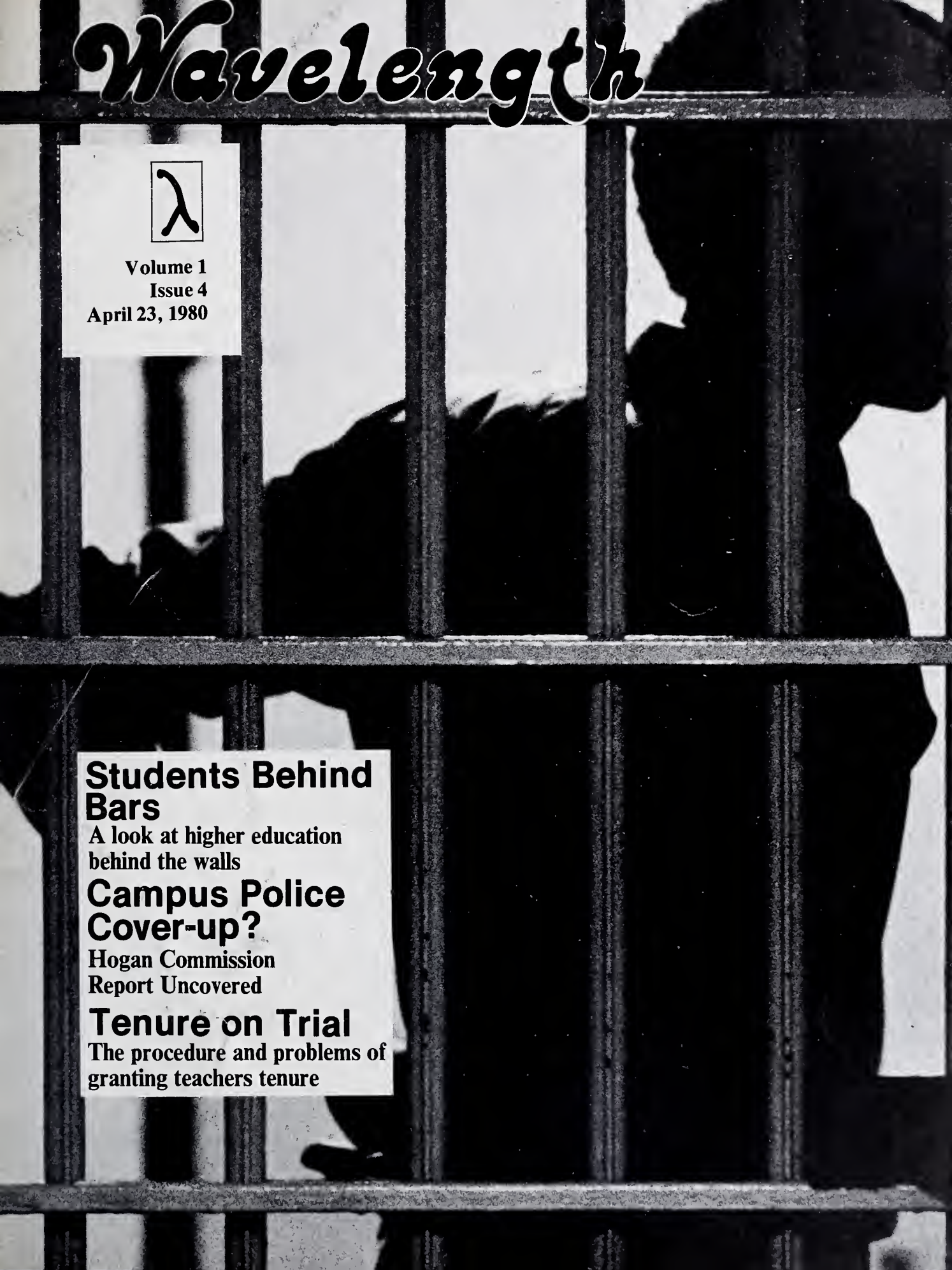
Wavelength

Volume 1
Issue 4
April 23, 1980



Students Behind Bars

A look at higher education behind the walls

Campus Police Cover-up?

Hogan Commission Report Uncovered

Tenure on Trial

The procedure and problems of granting teachers tenure

A

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Jean-Claude Ferdinand

We dedicate this issue to Nicki Nickerson of the English Department in gratitude for the tremendous amount of help she has given us throughout our first year.

University Police Coverup

Why Won't They Release the Hogan Report?

by Dan Sardo

Members of a special commission which investigated a confrontation between members of the university community and campus police say that the UMass administration may be "covering up" commission findings. Professor Guy Hogan, Professor Ruth Bennet and student Veronica Ziegler, all members of the five person commission, have expressed concern about Chancellor Robert Corrigan's refusal to release the report which has been completed since December 7.

"The whole thing was blown out of proportion. I think it's best not to discuss it... for the good of the university, the matter should be dropped."

Vice Chancellor Thomas Baxter

"I took this thing (chairman of commission) for exactly the opposite reason; to make it clear that this is not the kind of thing I will tolerate, any kind of cover-up with the police. But it seems just the opposite thing happened."

The commission was appointed by Corrigan in November to look into allegations that campus police "overreacted" during an altercation between a black student and a white instructor. At that time, Corrigan said he "would take appropriate actions" on the Hogan commission's findings. Deputy Chancellor James Broderick added that "the university would follow and act upon the panels recommendations and conclusions . . . the results of its thorough investigation will be accepted by the Chancellor and the whole academic community."

However, four months after the commission completed its investigation, the administration still has not released the report. In addition, no action has been taken by Corrigan regarding the commissions recommendations.

"I know that the administration does not want this report to come out," said Veronica Ziegler, one of two students on the commission. "There can be no other reason why the report has not come out."

"The campus police seem to be involved in a cover-up," says Professor Jim Brady, an individual involved in the incident, "and I'm distressed by the way the chancellor has been sitting on the report."

According to Chancellor Robert Corrigan, the report cannot be released because it conflicts with provisions of the Patrolman's Association's contract with the university. Corrigan says the contract prohibits fact-finding commissions from making recommendations concerning individual officers. University lawyers claim such recommendations can only be made by the campus police organization itself. The administration feels that because the Hogan Commission names individuals and cites particular instances of police abuse, it violates the police officer's contract.

Vice Chancellor Thomas Baxter, the immediate superior of the campus police director was reluctant to discuss the "September 26 incident" or the Hogan Commission Report. "That thing has been beaten to death so much I think it's out of context with what we're talking about. There was a testimony taken. The whole thing was blown out of proportion. I think it's best not to discuss it at this point . . . for the good of the university, the matter should be dropped."

According to a memorandum from the Chancellor's Office, Baxter was put in charge of handling the situation in December.

Campus Police Director James Lovett characterizes the report as "a sensitive issue" and was equally reluctant to comment on the matter. "The matter was blown out of proportion," Lovett said. "It has been beaten to death."

But while administrative sources were tight-lipped on the matter, Chairman of the Investigatory Commission Professor Guy Hogan believes the report should be made public.

"Did he [Baxter] say that? Oh god, I think that is totally ridiculous.... It does us no good to drop it. It does more harm, perhaps, that the incident itself to just drop it."

Despite the administration's failure to release the report, *Wavelength* has obtained the findings of the Hogan Commission. The eighty-six page document substantiates most of the allegations against the campus police. The Commission found that "there is evidence to suggest misconduct on the part of the police. There was overreaction and the use of force was excessive."

On September 26, campus police officers Sergeant Dennis Ahern, Patrolman John Dawling, Officer Bernard Tivnen and Officer James Sullivan intervened in an altercation between John Hall, a black student, and Douglas Sherman, a white instructor. The incident took place at the bus stop outside the administration building. The report states that after the two men were separated, certain officers used "excessive and abusive force" against John Hall and others in the assembled crowd.

The report substantiates the allegations of James Brady, sociology professor, who stated that he was "physically and verbally abused" during the confrontation. "I was grabbed by the shirt, slammed against the wall and told 'get the fuck back on the bus", Brady says. This coin-

cides with the conclusion of the report which says that a faculty member was physically and verbally abused.

The report also substantiates the claim that Lieutenant Julius Ceasar Hayes ordered the four officers to remove their identification badges after the incident, an apparent violation of police procedure.

University lawyers, who were in contact with the Commission during the drafting of the report, informed the Hogan Commission that specific conclusions and recommendations would violate the campus police contract. Consequently, eighty-four pages of the report are filled with testimony while only four pages contain general conclusions. While the report states that the police overreacted to the situation and used excessive force, it shies away from allegations that the police conduct was racially motivated.

Chancellor Corrigan states: "I think it is important to note that the committee found no evidence of any racial slurs despite the heated circumstances of the incident."

"However," according to Hogan, "there is a distinction between racial slurs and racial motivation. We did include in the report a statement to the effect that we found no evidence of racial slurs but that was not to be taken as the extent of the racial quality of the incident."

"I never said that racial remarks were made by thepolice,"adds Brady. "The fact that racial slurs were not used does not mean that this was not a racial incident. The use of the word'nigger' by the police would have been much less worse than what they actually did to John Hall."

"It was a straight racist reaction," concludes Brady. "When I went up to them [the police] and asked them why Doug Sherman was not grabbed, one of them said to me 'we know Doug Sherman'."

"They [the police] did everything wrong," concludes Ruth Bennett. "They just don't have the proper training to handle situations like this. The way they reacted, I don't know if they were scared or what, maybe they should be retrained. Right now they have this Boston cop mentality, it is us against them, that just isn't proper on this campus. It's just not necessary."

"I definitely don't think they should have the guns," concludes Veronica Ziegler. "They just don't have the training."

?

An interview with Professor Guy Hogan.

Wavelength: What were the general conclusions of the Hogan Commission?

Hogan: What we found essentially was that the police action in the John Hall case left a lot of questions open concerning their general attitude toward students, towards faculty, towards everyone in the university community at large. It also raised some questions about their attitudes about blacks and this came out in the manner in which they intervened. There were two people involved, one white and one black, and the attention of the police was entirely directed toward the black student.

Wavelength: Chancellor Corrigan has cited the fact that the commission found no evidence of racial slurs as proof that this was not a racial incident. Do you feel this was a racial incident?

Hogan: The police claim that they were on the scene early enough to have seen what was going on. If that was true then there is no other way to explain, at least as far as we can see, why they attended only to the black student and not the white student. There is a distinction between racial slurs and racial motivation. We did include in the report that we found no evidence of racial slurs but, that was not to be taken as the extent of the racial quality of the incident. We included the thing about racial slurs as an attempt to give the policemen the benefit of *some* doubt. But, this is not to suggest that racial slurs are the only activities motivated by race.

Wavelength: Why were no recommendations concerning the police made by the commission?

Hogan: The committee was advised not to do that. We were admonished against making any recommendations. The attorney for the university informed us that the patrolmens' contract specifically ruled out any committee such as ours making any recommendations that could perhaps lead to disciplinary actions against them. The attorney for the patrolmens' union was overly concerned, we thought, about this possibility. In fact they were so concerned that they refused to allow the patrolmen to testify before the committee. We tried all kinds of ways to get them to testify. We tried to get in touch with their attorneys, we tried to have the chancellor intervene, we tried everything but, in the end, they refused to show up. There should be some provision in the contract that allows for a group outside the department to monitor charges like this. I don't know how they can work this into the contract, but it should be done. There are clear problems with only allowing investigations from within the department. The present case makes that clear.

Wavelength: Do you feel this incident reflects serious probiems for the university community?

Hogan: This is an extremely serious problem, extremely serious. The whole notion of the police being a separate, in a sense immune, body on campus is intolerable. The police seem to have the attitude that they don't have to be responsible to the community at large. Only to their superiors. Their actions, in this case, were clearly irresponsible when they refused to listen to the assembled students on the patio. Then they man-handled a faculty member, getting completely out of hand, out of control. The idea that "we are the cops and everyone else is out of line" just cannot be tolerated.

Wavelength: Did the police investigation come to the conclusion that the police acted improperly in this situation?

Hogan: Chief Lovett and others looked at the same evidence and came to an entirely different conclusion than our committee. There seems to be two possible ways to interpret that. One is that actions the police consider proper and common would be considered by us as improper. They seem to feel that we are overly concerned about what we would consider excessive force but, what they do not consider excessive force. One thing that occurs to me is that brutality is considered run of the mill, ordinary, nothing to get excited over. So while we may be incensed over this kind of thing, their view may be that one ought not to be too excited over it, this is the way we do things normally. Another possible explanation is perhaps even faced with the fact that this sort of thing occurs, and that they are more concerned with not letting it come to light than admitting that it did happen and taking steps to correct the situation. Both possibilities are equally disturbing.

Wavelength: Do you think that the Administration and the Campus Police are involved in a cover-up concerning this incident?

Hogan: In the beginning, I felt that they were really concerned with finding out what happened. I would not have taken on the responsibility to chair the committee if I had thought that they were trying to cover it up. *In the begin-*

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The Tenure Game

Who You Know or What You Know?

by Janet Diamond and Stephen G. Cain

A professor known for histrionics once stood in front of a class on a table and declared, "I am immortal. I have tenure." Tenure *is* one of the icons of academia. It has existed for years as an unquestioned premise, but the system is fraught with problems, from the evaluation process to the actual teaching done by professors.

The Ideal and the Real

The wide gap between the ideal and the real of tenure stems more from the passage of time than a failure of vision at the beginning. The ideal is to protect the professor whose views or philosophies were outside the mainstream, politically radical, or somehow unconventional by granting tenure. The professor is then free to explore and express new and different, perhaps unaccepted, ideas without fear of reprisal or condemnation from their department or the administration. Thus, the system optimally produces a faculty comprised of diverse and lively professors engaging in scholastic discourse together, exchanging ideas and perspectives, and somehow cultivating their respective disciplines while contributing to the growth of their field as a whole and imparting the knowledge gained from their training and individual work to the students. If a professor did not receive tenure for some reason, they were let go, after a grace year, and were expected to try, and usually succeed, elsewhere.

However, present day economics has changed these idealistic notions. There are lines of people standing around, doctorates in hand, eager to prove their worth in the academic world, but the market for openings on faculties has diminished; supply has exceeded demand. It seems the greater concern of professors now is the security of paying the rent next month and filling the oil tank rather than security for the expression of unorthodox ideas.

When UMass/Boston was formed fifteen years ago, the majority of the faculty hired were untenured and there was ample room and money for the granting of the promotion. During the period between 1965 and 1972, 94.5 percent of the tenure candidates received tenure. The years after 1973 brought rising oil costs and economic recession into the picture; the university suffered the freezing and thawing of its budget by a capricious state legislature and watched the enrollment figures decline. From 1973 to 1975, 74.8 percent of the candidates were granted tenure. Recent figures continue to reflect the worsening economic situation and the fact that 60 percent of the full-time faculty are now tenured; in the past two years, only 57 percent of the candidates for tenure received it.

For the untenured UMass/Boston professors, the junior faculty, the outlook is bleak. Many of the people granted tenure in the early years were in thirties and are not going to retire for another fifteen to twenty years. The opportunities to move from one institution to another have all but disappeared and once a professor is granted tenure someplace they tend to stay for the duration of their career. And UMass is a state school; private institutions have more money and control over their budget, while UMass continues to function on a shoestring. The full-time faculty positon at UMass is often broken up into a group of part-time positions. A full-time professor is expected to teach 3 courses per semester; one full-time position can be broken up into as many as 6 part-time slots and each part-time professor can teach 2 courses a semester. Thus, the fragmenting of full-time positions produces more work for the same, or less, amount of money, and decreases the tenurable faculty positions. This policy maintains the present ratio between tenured and untenured faculty and gives the administration an amount of control over a large portion of the faculty, the part-timers who are hired from semester to semester. Also the 60 percent figure for tenured full-time faculty is a university-wide average; there are some departments that are already 90 to 100 percent tenured. The junior faculty, often young, fresh from graduate school, and filled with the latest ideas and a high enthusiasm for teaching, find themselves victims of the "revolving door syndrome." Essentially, they find themselves embarking on a career which is only seven years long. Even the most dedicated and brilliant teachers are now facing a possible, and probable, dead-end. For students, this means their favorite professors may disappear never to be seen again.

Generally, the scenario, especially at UMass/Boston, is one of junior faculty members up for tenure toeing the department line, burning the midnight oil churning out articles, trying to light up the classroom with their teaching abilities, and breathlessly waiting for the decision. Ostensibly, they are on trial. The process can drag on and on, their concentration suffers, the tension mounts, often insomnia sets in, for this is it, this is probably their one and only shot. If they miss the tenure target, they probably won't get a chance anywhere else and there they are, in their thirties, often with a home and family, without a job and

Tenure Facts

A professor on a tenure track is evaluated for tenure during the sixth year of employment at the university. The evaluation covers three areas:

SERVICE: Committee work etc. Also includes service outside university.

PROFESSIONAL ACTIVITY: Scholarship or creative work in one's field of study.

TEACHING: Classroom and related work.

In order to receive tenure the candidate must demonstrate excellence in at least two of the three areas and strength in the third.

There are five levels of evaluation in the tenure review process:

DEPARTMENTAL: This level is the primary evaluation step. According to the FSU contract, if a favorable decision is made at this level clear and compelling reasons must be stated in writing if that decision is overturned at a higher level.

COLLEGE PERSONNEL COMMITTEE: At this level, tenured teachers from the university community judge the case.

Facts.– to page 41

usually without a skill that can be sold on the marketplace outside academia. The years and money spent on graduate school have come to nothing.

Needless to say, the tenure experience is oppressive and debilitating. The anxiety and pressure no doubt takes away from the professor's teaching, not to mention the effect outside of the classroom. And there are unpleasant results even for the professors who receive tenure. The aftershock sometimes produces the "walking wounded effect" and many of the newly tenured professors take sabbaticals immediately, not necessarily to pursue scholarship but just to recover from the arduous process. The lobbying and voting for and against a candidate within a department often results in bitter and alienated feelings for some time afterwards and certainly does not foster an atmosphere of scholarly camaraderie.

the system fails to protect the students who must deal with these teachers. About those teachers who settle into an easy life of irresponsibility, little can be done.

The Question of Standards

Many faculty feel the criteria for judging teaching, scholarship, and service are too vague and that they differ from department to department and from year to year.

As the job market for teachers becomes tighter, tenure becomes more difficult to get. Each year, therefore, candidates must provide more and more evidence to be accepted into the ranks. A few years ago, several articles published in academic journals would have qualified a scholar for the grade of excellent. Today, a scholar must have a book published to achieve the same grade.

"It is a corrupt system that has to destroy the person who doesn't make it through it."

Marcia Lloyd

But the life of a professor changes drastically when tenure is granted. Tenure is virtually a guaranteed paycheck for life. There are very few reprimands for a tenured professor, and they are almost never used.

Besides a substantial salary increase, the professor receives nearly complete job freedom. That freedom was originally designed to protect the teacher's right to express and explore ideas without fear of outside influence. This principle is valid and must be protected. If that protection were to disappear, freedom of ideas would be in great jeopardy.

Unfortunately, the tenure system does not always work. While protecting those who express new and creative ideas, it also shelters those who are lazy or irresponsible. Most students are familiar with at least one tenured teacher who regularly comes to his classes underprepared, who is arbitrary and capricious in her or his judgements, who fails to show up at all for classes, or who is insulting to students.

Most tenured faculty are not like this. Most are dedicated scholars who truly enjoy teaching, but for those who are not,

The scholarship problem is further complicated when the work being judged is of a creative nature, such as might be found in art, music, or theater departments. This problem has come to light with the cases of Marcia Lloyd and Jefferson Cleveland.

Marcia Lloyd was denied tenure last year, a decision she is now appealing through the Faculty Staff Union and Massachusetts Commission Against Discrimination. Lloyd received tenure approval from her department but received a unanimous negative vote from the Collegiate Personnel Committee. The CPC were "uncertain as to how artistic work was to be evaluated," according to Lloyd. When the case reached CAS Dean Michael Riccards, he demanded more letters from outside evaluators of Lloyd's creative work.

Scholarship and creative work are not evaluated directly by the university: they are judged on the basis of recommendations by people in that field. In the case of scholarship, the prestige of the journals or press that publishes the work is also taken into account. Artistic endeavors are more difficult to assess: judgement may be based on personal taste and current fashion rather than on the quality of the work.

After setting up a gallery show at UMass on a week's notice, additional evaluators were brought in to review Lloyd's work. One evaluator gave a glowing response. The other, whom Lloyd claims was biased against her kind of art, was less enthusiastic. The dean dropped her evaluation grade down one step in all three areas, a move completely reversed later at the chancellor's level.

She was still denied tenure at the chancellor's level. Lloyd's case illustrates the arbitrary nature of judging scholarly and creative endeavors. Letters of recommendation in the academic world are written in a particular style. Jack Spense, politics professor and union representative, says, "The kinds of people you get recommendations from tend to have a close association with universities. When you're dealing with an area such as art, those people are less likely to be familiar with university "buzz words" like excellence. It becomes a prose problem." There is a serious question, he feels, in whether "an administration is competent to judge a recommendation by an artist about another artist." Lloyd adds, "What you have to ask is what standards you are going to apply to an artist's work. One's popularity is not necessarily a criteria for the quality of one's work."

Although creative work has special problems, the standards for judging traditional scholarship are also considered vague and arbitrary by many.

Professor Larry Blum, who received tenure this year, feels the standards are too open-ended. The terms excellence and strength, for instance, are not adequately

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Professor Marcia Lloyd

An Editorial View

Seven Days That Shook UMass

by Rick Bowers, Janet Diamond and Dan Sardo

Octavio Ramirez

Heinz Bondy, Marcia Lloyd, and Jefferson Cleveland will have to leave UMass this year unless the chancellor takes immediate action.

The hallways outside the office of Chancellor Robert Corrigan were lined with sheets and sleeping bags, blankets and bodies last week after about a hundred students decided that "direct action was the only way to change things at the University of Massachusetts at Boston. Monday, April 7, was the day more than one hundred students marched on the red-carpeted offices of the administration building to deliver a clear and unmistakable message: "We've been ignored long enough. We're not going to leave until you listen to us." Six days later, tired, hungry, but still determined the students were still camped out in the office of Chancellor Robert Corrigan -- and the administration was still treating them with the same callous disregard which prompted the occupation.

While the students worked diligently towards gaining their goals, top administrators scurried behind locked doors under armed guard. So concerned were they about the fact of student presence in their sacrosanct halls that they neither dealt seriously with issues nor understood the remarkable process taking place a few feet from them.

By Friday, the occupation has evolved from a spontaneous sit-in to a well-orchestrated, if strained, student revolt. In the process, casual observers became drawn into the snowballing movement. Many found a voice for the first time: they had something to say and people willing to listen. In a democratic forum, students communicated on serious issues with other students.

New skills were gained and violent, unchanneled anger was transformed into positive, meaningful action. Students who, out of alienated frustration, could only express themselves by kicking walls and banging doors became articulate spokepersons. Perhaps more writing skills were learned in one week than in a year of Freshman English because suddenly the need to communicate ideas was connected to the real events in students' lives.

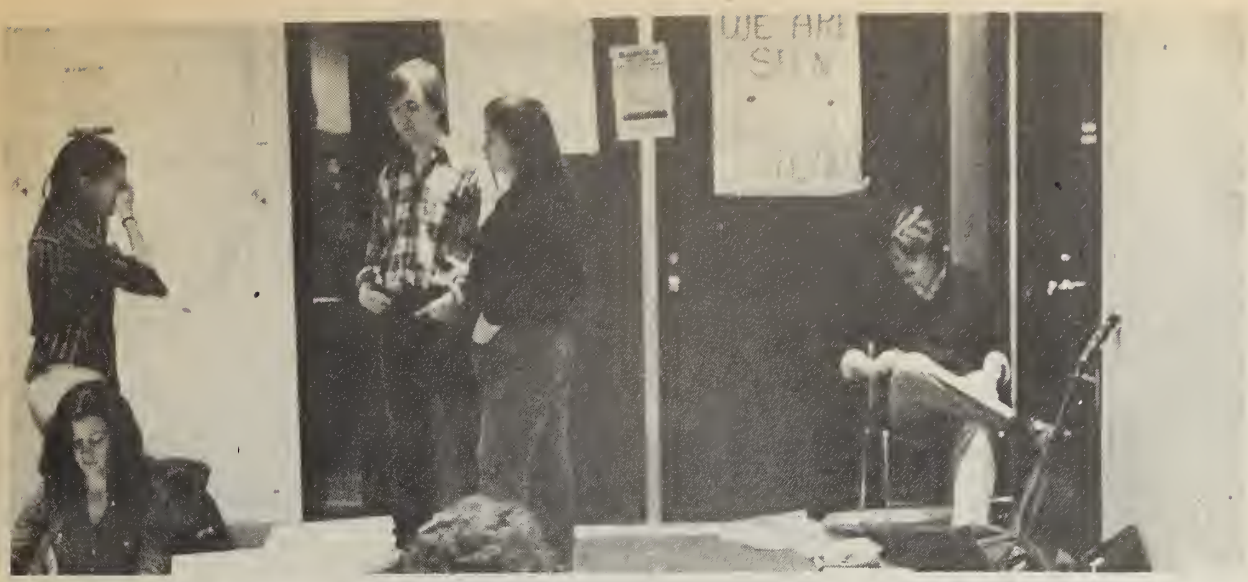
The importance of the issues, and the need to remain focused on winning the demands evoked a willing spirit of self and group discipline. As the strain of working twelve to eighteen hours per day on only four or five hours of sleep began to wear the students down, the need for group support and self-discipline became even more crucial.

But while tempers wore thin, resolve did not. On day five, the students were even more committed to their purpose than when they started. New supporters helped shore up the veterans. Each day more students joined the group. The ceaseless outreach campaign and regular media coverage worked to extend the base of support. Many who did not join the group contributed in other ways; money and food contributions flowed in continuously. But more importantly, issues were being discussed and debated in the Harbor Campus hallways.

Life on the third floor, however, was not all rosy moments of personal growth. As time passed, so did the euphoria the occupiers originally felt when they discovered their efforts were being taken seriously by many of their less vocal counterparts. After the first day, the elation of being recognized by the local media gave way to the pressures of living in a different environment. After hours of work drafting leaflets and contacting the press the late-night meetings became tense. Frayed tempers and tender egos would sometimes show themselves, but the students soon realized that one of the greatest threats to the movement was tension within the group.

Meanwhile, a frosty status quo remained between the administration and the students. A schizophenic pretense of business as usual" maintained the inner sanctum. Suited bureaucrats stepped over moist towels, eyes straight ahead as if nothing unusual was taking place. The desire and ability of some to ignore the conspicuous student presence bordered on absurd denial. Ironically, the administration's stubborn lack of interest in the students was a microcosm of the larger situation. The same blindness that led to the recent student actions has become visibly apparent to the students.

Students could neither comprehend nor tolerate the painful contradiction between the administration's decision to refuse tenure to two qualified black professors, and the university's promise to correct their abysmal affirmative action record. It is equally difficult for students to understand the Chancellor's statement that he has the power to reverse the tenure decisions but refuses to do so in the face of overwhelming student and faculty support for Lloyd and Cleveland. They could not tolerate a Chancellor who places his pride



Octavio Ramirez

against the good of the university. The hollow symbolism of the Chancellor's racial harmony button grated against concerned students who were watching qualified minority men and women be driven away from the university.

Another force behind the recent surge of student anger was the abrupt dismissal of Heinz Bondy. While on the surface the firing of an administrator may seem to have little in common with the tenure issue, in reality they both reflect the administration's neglect of the students. Those students who have worked closely with the governance bodies at this university know Bondy as one of the few, perhaps the only administrator who really believes that we are what this institution is all about. Last year, as UMass students faced the prospect of a prohibitive tuition increase, Bondy was the only administrator to show up at the State House to participate in a student demonstration. Of the dozens of highly-paid professional staff members at this university, he was the only one who would stand with us and say "no" to yet another obstacle in the path of education.

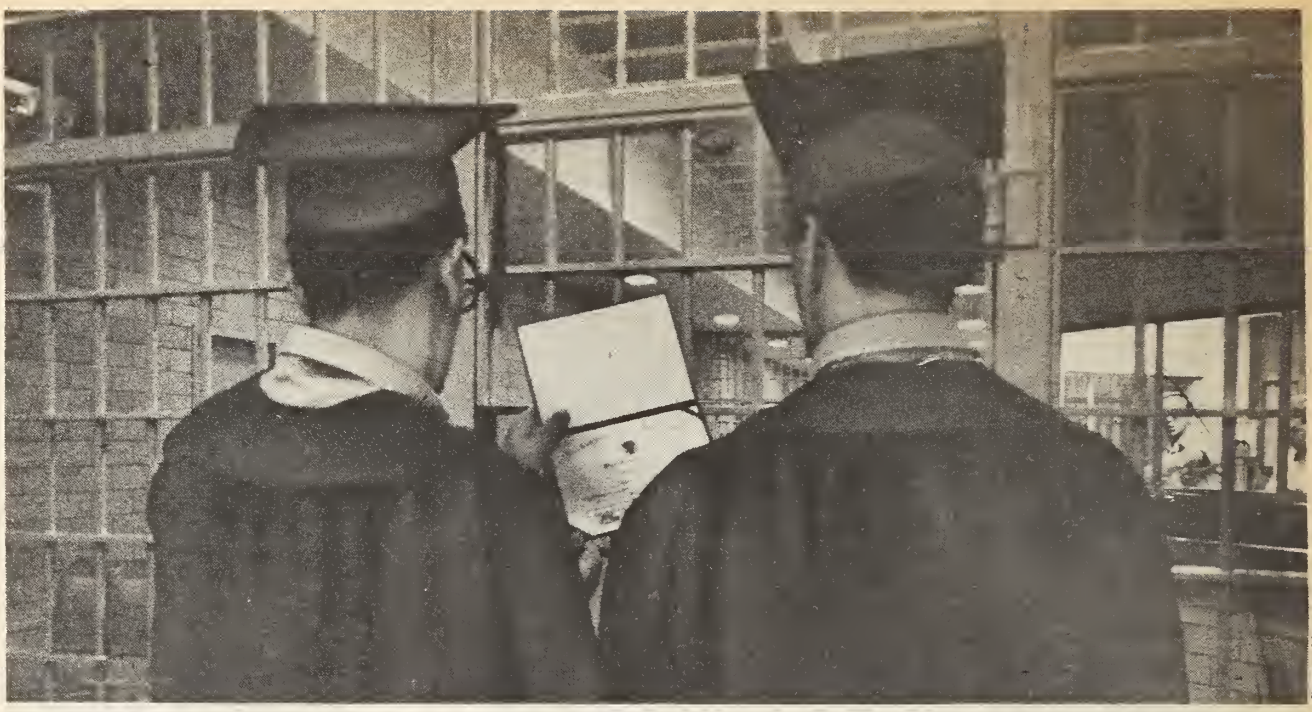
ignited the students' actions but, more importantly, it cast a light on the meager role that students play in the governance of this institution. After a demonstration of 300 students failed to convince Chancellor Corrigan to rethink his position on the Bondy affair, the die was cast for further student actions. The Chancellor's hard line only made more concrete the sense that students have minimal influence in the body politic of UMass/Boston.

This realization led to the creation of the third demand of the student occupiers: fifty-one per cent representation on all university policy-making committees. Critics are quick to scoff at such a proposal, and they point to the apathy that is still widespread in the student body as a reason why this dismissed. But the insistence on a greater voice in university policy is a step toward diminishing that apathy. Such a thought may weigh heavy on the minds of some members of the administration whose "students should be seen and not heard" attitude is now being questioned.

The Chancellor's decision to end the occupation through the use of at least seventy-five armed police and a unit of attack dogs again exemplifies the administration's unwillingness to deal with students in a reasonable manner. Sealing off access to buildings is symbolic of sealing off access to power. The forced removal of the *UMass 29* from the administration building may have ended this occupation, but it will not end the students' efforts to achieve their goals.

Students will continue to work against the Corrigan policies for one clear reason: the denial of tenure to Jefferson Cleveland and Marcia Lloyd is wrong; the firing of student advocate Heinz Bondy is wrong; the alienation of students from the decision-making process is wrong.

When students feel so disenfranchized that they subject themselves to sleeping of hard floors in a hostile building under the watchful eyes of armed police, depriving themselves of decent food, the company of friends and family with the constant threat of arrest always in their minds, then important changes must occur. Opposition to these changes cannot be tolerated.



Boston Herald American

STUDENTS BEHIND BARS

by Al McNeill and Rick Bowers

UMass/Boston's Higher Education in Prison Program (HEPP) has been providing educational opportunities to inmates of the state prison system since 1972. HEPP offers inmates of the Norfolk and Bay State Correctional Institutions a chance to break away from the life styles that led to their incarceration through a wide range of courses and programs which begin at the high school level and which eventually can lead to a college degree.

Inside the prison, HEPP offers tutoring and counseling services which help inmates earn the equivalency of a high school diploma. For inmates who have completed high school, the program offers college-prep classes which focus on the basic skills of reading, writing and math. In addition, each semester, between four and eight UMass/Boston professors teach college-level courses inside the prisons themselves. The final phase of the Higher Education in Prison Program consists of an "educational release" program which enables inmates to leave the prison and attend classes at UMass/Boston.

"I think the program works very well at UMass/Boston," says Kit Bryant, the director of HEPP. "The university is an urban campus and the men on educational release are exposed to people from the city, people who are a little older, who may have known someone on the block who did not make it. I think it's a good environment for the program."

Each aspect of the four-part program provides prisoners with an opportunity to develop their human resources. This rarely happens elsewhere in the Massachusetts Correctional System. In Walpole, most of an inmate's day is spent manufacturing license plates. In Norfolk prisoners work stuffing mattresses, and in Framingham, women inmates weave the American flags that hang in public buildings across the state. HEPP offers inmates a chance to supplement the mundane routine of prison life with an educational program that has two purposes; to help the prisoner cope with the stifling isolation of life behind bars, and to help him develop the skills they will need to survive on the outside.

For the 82 per cent of the prison population that has not graduated from high school, HEPP's work on the primary level can be invaluable. HEPP employs no high school staff but it does have tutors and counselors, often UMass/Boston work-study students, who assist inmates trying to earn a high school diploma. For many men on the inside, this basic education, combined with some type of vocational training, is the practical knowledge they feel they need. For others, the successful completion of the high school equivalency exam is only the first step toward an education on the college level.

"I never thought I could do it until I got involved in the program," recalls a former inmate now on educational release. "For most of the guys, college had an aura around it, it was something we didn't think we could do."

Another important aspect of the program is the college prep courses, which operate on a three month, pass-fail basis. The courses focus on the basic skills or reading, writing and math and provide interested inmates with the background they will need to participate in the next phase of the program college level courses inside the prison.

Students Behind Bars

Each year a number of college level courses are taught inside Norfolk and Bay State. The courses, which are usually introductory and mid-level courses, are taught by UMass/Boston professors and are run on a UMass/Boston schedule. This aspect of the Higher Education in Prison Program is important for two reasons: it provides inmates nearing eligibility for parole an opportunity to develop skills and knowledge about the society they will soon be re-entering, and it offers long-term prisoners and lifers a chance to avoid the personal stagnation and degradation caused by years of prison life.

Matthew P. Harvy is the coordinator of the HEPP program at the Norfolk Correctional Institution. Within the cement walls and barbed-wire fences of the prison, he organized classes ranging from the college-prep level to the senior undergraduate level. Harvy is also a prisoner serving out the final five years of a long stretch for armed robbery.

Harvy looks at HEPP with no illusions. He says that while the courses do provide inmates with a chance to further their education, "classes inside the wall" are basically a form of entertainment, a diversion from prison life. "It is a way of killing time," explains Harvy, "and that's the name of the game in prison. You kill time, time kills you."

The classroom atmosphere within the prison accomplishes other things besides education and diversion. In Norfolk, for instance, it brings whites, blacks and hispanics together in a classroom to exchange ideas and opinions. "In prison, blacks stay with blacks, whites stay with whites," says Harvy. "But in the classroom setting, they settle on higher goals and put their differences aside."

There have been many instances of racial conflicts in prison. "Just last week there was a stabbing here," Harvy said. "Nothing will be done about it because a Puerto Rican stabbed a Puerto Rican. They take care of their own, we take care of our own."

One of the real problems that Harvy sees with the program revolves around the attitudes of the guards. Harvy, and a number of other prisoners interviewed by *Wavelength* feel that the guards are jealous of inmates who have the opportunity to take college courses. "Security has the upper hand here, they are the gestapo," states Harvy. He says that one deception practiced by guards is that of the "mythological joint," that is, a small quantity of marijuana that may mysteriously appear in an inmate's cell, pockets, or even in a visiting professor's pockets.

Despite the difficult conditions under which inmates learn, the students at Norfolk and the professors who teach in the barred classrooms of the prison agree that HEPP is a step in the right direction.

Barry Phillips, a professor of English at UMass/Boston, has been participating in the HEPP program for a number of years. For Phillips, the learning process has been a two-way street. In the three correctional institutions he has taught in he has succeeded in reaching the prisoners and they have succeeded in reaching him. According to Phillips, prisoners, on average, appear to be more alert, more energetic, and more passionate than many of the students he has instructed at other institutions. He believes that years of "cell-time reading" and reflective thinking account for the difference.

"I'm not sure what the men might have learned from me," he recalls. "Maybe it was no more than a different language for some of what they already knew. but sometimes exciting things happened in those classes. I could feel important ideas accumulating new mass, their echo bouncing off the high stone wall of the classroom."

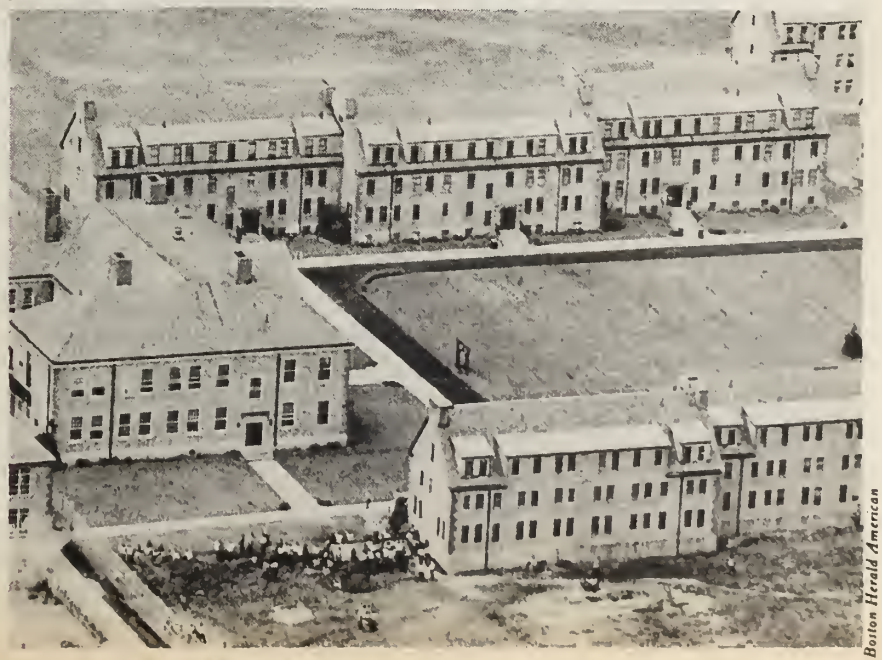
Like the inmates, Phillips is also critical of the authoritarian nature of the prison, especially as it applies to the educational programs. He says that guards often disrupted classes by coming in and removing inmates; the blare of the loudspeakers would interrupt lectures, and prison officials would sometimes seize the books and papers he needed to teach a class. He puts his feelings on the oppressive atmosphere of the correctional institution this way:

"The fact that you could be made to strip and have a finger shoved up your anus, that not even your body was your own, only made concrete the sense of your own powerlessness. You were in a place where you had no control over what happened to you; where many who had control were openly hostile, in love with their own cheap authority."

Educational Release

An inmate who has completed two college-level courses and is within eighteen months of eligibility for parole, may apply for the final phase of the HEPP program, educational release. An inmate applying for educational release must also be favorably reviewed by the Department of Corrections Review Board and accepted at one of the eight pre-release centers in Massachusetts. For a prisoner to be accepted into a pre-release center, he must not be judged a sexually dangerous person, he must not have had any type of altercation for the thirty days prior to his review, and he must not be addicted to drugs or alcohol. When an inmate meets the criteria and leaves the prison on educational release, he takes up residence at a pre-release center.

A convict who attends UMass is enrolled as a regular student and receives the benefits that an ordinary university student does. An inmate has his tuition waived as an incentive for his becoming involved in the educational-release program. When he attends UMass, he



Boston Herald American

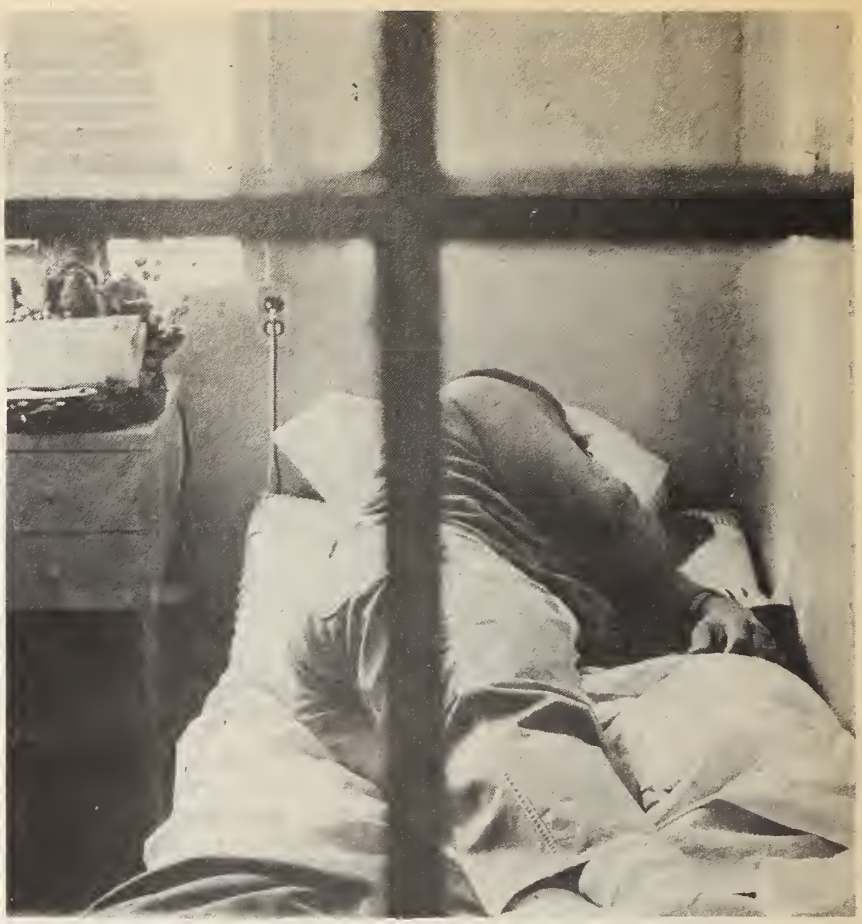
must also work a part-time job in order to satisfy his program requirements. He must also keep in continuous contact with the director of the program, Kit Bryant. She is available for such things as academic, job placement and personal counseling. Kit also helps the inmates with such "routine" things as buying books and selecting courses.

When an inmate finishes his day at the university, he must return to his pre-release center. While an inmate is in the center, there are three basic rules he must follow: no drugs, no booze and no violence. Failure to comply with these standards means that he is "shipped back" to prison. David Bryant, director of the Boston State Pre-Release Centers, sees the center's objective as giving the convict "the opportunity to test the waters."

There is also a work-release program based in the centers. The convict is sent out into the community to work and to adjust to the social environment which is absent in prison. All inmates are required to pay board -- usually $15 or $20 per week to the center. This money is sent back to the state in order to supplement the cost of prisons. The goal of the pre-release centers is to help prisoners in adjusting from prison life, where they have very little responsibility, to community life, where responsibilities are numerous.

When Mujabid Bahar is not laboring over his books or attending classes at UMass/Boston, he devotes his time to counseling mentally handicapped people who are making the transition from an institution into society. He has a clear understanding of the problems they face and he aids them with advice and teaching when their lives are disrupted. He has a deep understanding because he too, is making a transition from a correctional institution. Bahar is a convict. He is presently enrolled in the Higher Education Prison Program at UMass/Boston, and is a resident of the Boston Pre-Release Center in Dorchester.

Like those many men enrolled in the program, Mujabid Bahar's story goes back a long way. In 1965, shortly after he was graduated from high school, he was arrested and convicted of armed robbery. The final blow of the judge's gavel brought with it a five-year prison sentence. "It sounds ridiculous but the only thing I can say about prison is that it's hell," says Bahar when looking back on that time of his life. But even after serving a five-year stretch in the state prison system, he was not "scared straight."



Boston Herald American

In 1974 he was convicted again of armed robbery and was sentenced to five years of hard time at Walpole. It was there that he got involved in the Higher Education in Prison Program (HEPP), taking college courses from UMass/Boston professors who teach classes there. For Mujabid Bahar, this was a turning point.

"I'm having a hard time handling my freedom," says Dennis Sheehan, an ex-convict who has spent eight years out of the last fifteen behind the walls of various Massachusetts Correctional Institutions. The transition from prison life to society has not been as traumatic as it might have been for Dennis, largely because of UMass/Boston's Higher Education in Prison Program. As a graduate of the program, he currently works in the HEPP office while earning a degree in Sociology here at the university.

Dennis became interested in HEPP in 1974, while serving time at Norfolk state prison. "I used to say to myself, why am I sitting in here and that guy, the guard, sitting out there," he says. The classes he began at Norfolk were taught by a small group of UMass/Boston professors at the 700-man prison two or three days a week. For Dennis, the classes he attended as an inmate at Norfolk eventually led to a pre-release program and an opportunity to become a student at UMass/Boston.

The program supplied motivation and direction for Dennis and a number of other former inmates who have participated in it. "I'd say the program is good," he states. "I think it's a step in the right direction. It takes guys, finds out if they have direction and then offers them a chance to work on it; to do something with themselves. Then they won't have the excuse that they belong in prison, they can do other things than be in prison."

After serving time in Concord, Walpole, and Norfolk, Dennis is now on parole. He looks back on the Higher Education in Prison Program realistically, saying that for some it was just an alternative to stagnation in prison, and for others it was a chance, a slim chance, to get out on educational release. But, most importantly, for some it provided the means to improve their lives and their own self images. "For most guys, college was something that was unattainable," says Dennis. "They had sort of a Neanderthal self-image. HEPP helped me overcome that."

An Interview with David Bryant

David Bryant is the Director of the Boston Pre-Release Center in Dorchester. The center gives inmates of the state prison system an opportunity to "test the waters" before being released on parole. Several of the men at the center are on educational release and attend courses at UMass/Boston. In a recent interview Bryant discussed the program. Excerpts follow.

Wavelength: What kind of rules and regulations do you lay down for the men on educational release here at the pre-release center?

Bryant: The regulations for men on educational release aren't much different than anyone on work release. There are basically three rules to the center. No drugs, no violence, and no alcohol while you're inside.

Wavelength: What does work and educational release do for the inmates that go through the programs? What problems do you have?

Bryant: Well, being at a pre-release center is not like being on parole. Every resident that's here has to come back at the end of the day. It gives you the opportunity to test the waters. While you're here you can quit that job, come back to the center and re-establish employment. You can't do that on parole. If you're on parole and you go out and quit your job, you can be violated and sent back to prison.

The biggest problem for men on educational or work release is that they have to go out into the community every day and come back. Whether it be the most honored resident, the most comfortable resident, there's always one thing in the back of his mind -- "I have to go back to the prison." There's no wall around this center and you wouldn't realize this is a prison but, it's a prison. At the end of the day whether he's at work, at school, visiting his woman, whatever the case may be, he has to come back here and that's the toughest thing.

Wavelength: What is the response to people in the neighborhood to pre-release centers, here and in general?

Bryant: Here, it's very good but in general nobody wants it. Let's say they're going to open a pre-release center in your neighborhood. The residents say "Fuck no, it's a good idea to get these guys out of prison and they should go through a pre-release center before they get out on the streets." Most people want it but not in my backyard. Most people say "good, have it but not in my neighborhood."

Here, it's good, we're on state property, but there's a pre-release center over on Park Drive -- they don't like it. Whether you want to talk about here, Meridian House, Park Drive, there are people who say "yeah, it's a good idea but keep those convicts over there, keep them away from me, I don't want them near me."

Here, we're community oriented. We have volunteered our residents to the community -- not to be liked -- but we've done this. We've swept streets. We've painted apartment buildings. We feel we owe something to the community. We're not just here to take. Just like our residents pay room and board, which goes back to the state. When you think of it in these terms you see that when a guy is behind the walls he's a tax burden. It costs 11 - 16 thousand dollars a year to support a fellow in jail. You take a woman with four or five babies who goes to jail for four or five years for prostitution or selling drugs. You've got to keep her in jail and pay someone to take care of her kids. It could cost up to 18 grand a year. Here, the residents are paying money back to the state. That's one of the good things about a pre-release center.

Wavelength: What kind of men do you get in the program?

Bryant: We've got the whole gambit of inmates here, other than first-degree murderers. We've got all the way from second-degree murderers all the way down to nickle and dime handbag snatchers. We had a guy here who did 27 years at Walpole for a six dollar murder. He was one of these guys you read about in the paper from time to time. Whether it's here, whether it's at Walpole, or whether it's at Bridgewater State Hospital, people forget that he's there . . . people forgot that Willie White was in prison. He did 27 years.

Wavelength: Do you have any problem with the prison system?

Bryant: One problem we have is with the guys who come here from Concord. They don't serve enough time and they think they've got the system beat. Just look at those two young men from Charlestown who where convicted of shooting Daryl Williams. They got ten year sentences, right, the judge said ten years. Then they're sent to Concord. You know when they're eligible for parole -- eighteen months. You know when they're eligible for pre-release -- immediately. Daryl Williams is paralyzed from the neck down and the guys who shot him are eligible to be out in the community before the ink dries on their fucking processing papers. People who come here from Concord often fuck up.

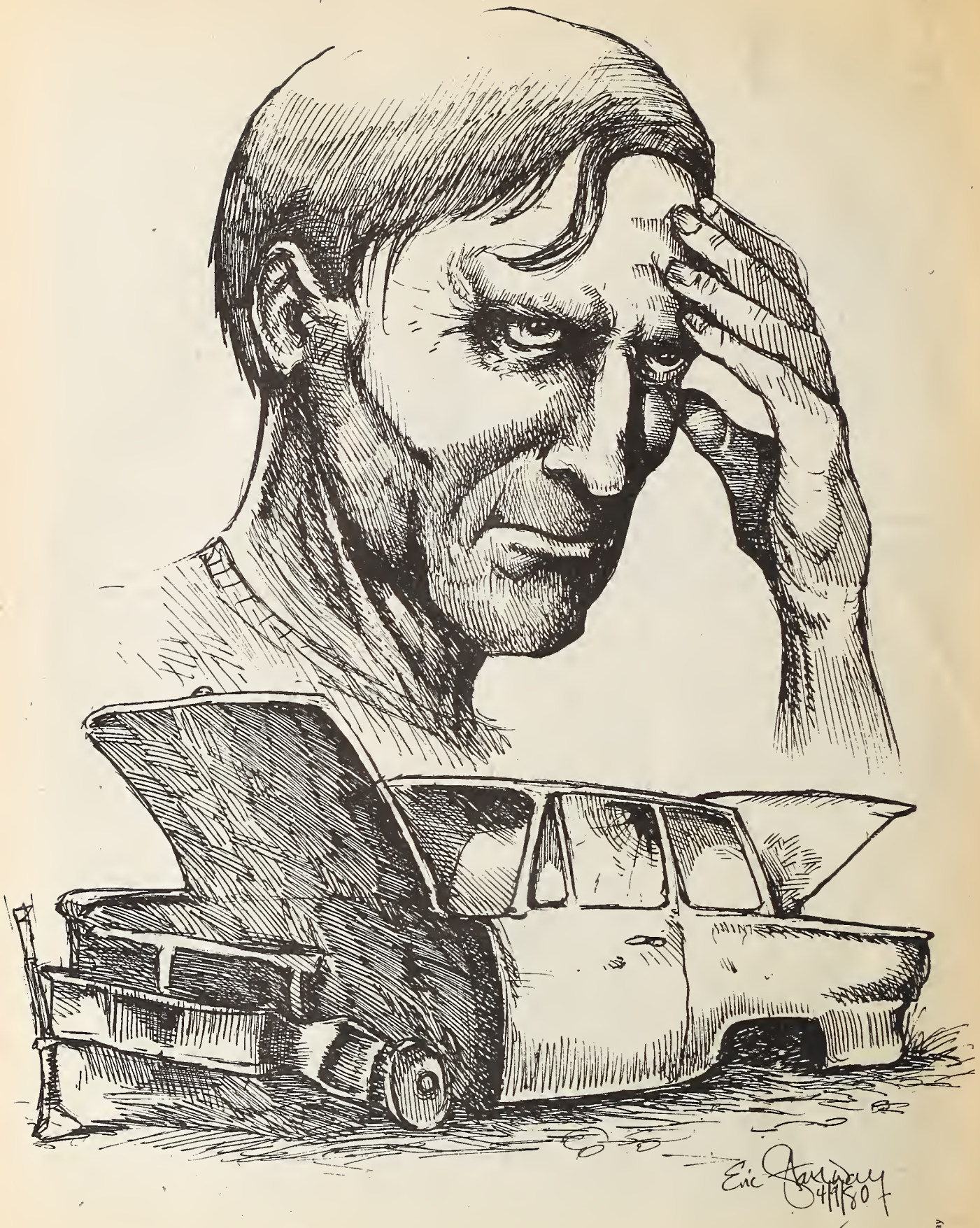
Then you get guys like Willie White who spent 27 years at Walpole. He came here and all he owned was a cigar box with a Bible and about 27 pens in it, and he couldn't even read. In 27 years no one even taught him to read. They just send him here with his Bible, his pen and his prison issued clothes and tell us to integrate him into the community. the man's going to fuck up.

Wavelength: How many men do you have here who are taking courses at UMass/Boston?

Bryant: Right now we have at least four or five guys who attend UMass/Boston. In fact we had our first graduate. He was the first guy who ever graduated from college while incarcerated in an institution. After UMass he got accepted to the Boston University School of Journalism, but he was a drug addict, now he's back in jail. He was the first one that actually graduated. In answer to your question, we have at least four or five guys out at UMass/Boston. If the guy is serious about it, it's a dynamite program. They like it, they like it very much.

Wavelength: Are there stringent rules governing the inmates' lives outside the pre-release center?

Bryant: We're not into this. In a short period of time you're going to be on the street. You're here to attempt to adjust. If you can't adjust here you're goddamn sure not going to adjust on the street. Sometimes we use this terminology. We give you enough rope to hang yourself. If you're going to fuck up-- you're going to fuck up. There's checks and balances here. We're not here to call you up. I'm saying that if you're on pre-release status and you're going to be on the street in six or nine or twelve months, you don't need us to check on you every five minutes. We have enough checks and balances so that if you're going to fuck up -- we're going to find out about it.



Eric Stanway

Pension Plan

by Stephen Moniak

Clouds stretched across the darkening sky until they were only wisps of grey above the horizon. Hank and Johnny sipped their beers and watched the sun set behind the mills of Belchton. A mosquito buzzed in the darkness of the unscreened porch.

Hank slapped his ear, then looked at his hand. Nothing. He bit the stem of the empty pipe which rested in his sun-blistered lips and shook his head. Three doors up the street to his right, he could see two teen-age boys struggling to put an engine in an old car. Upstairs on the third floor he could hear a couple yelling at each other. Hank had to listen to them every night. Sometimes he felt like he'd been sitting there his whole life, all of his sixty years, swatting mosquitoes, listening to the shrieks of the neighborhood children, watching their mothers drink beer on the porch of the rowhouse next door, waiting for the sun set.

Beads of sweat rose on his sinewy shoulders. Hank wiped his forehead and ran his hand through his stiff white hair. He turned to Johnny, who sat rocking in his chair while he tapped his teeth with his beer bottle. Johnny was smiling to himself. He was wearing one of Hank's old work uniforms with the shirt unbuttoned. Hank thought about the hassle he'd gone through stealing that uniform for Johnny, who had been out of work for awhile. Johnny never went back to work. Sitting there sweating in the evening heat, Hank felt resentful.

"Feels like its never gonna cool down," he grumbled. "Hey, cut that out, will you?"

Johnny quit tapping his teeth and drained the bottle. "No sense in worrying about the heat, Hank. Only makes you hotter. Look at those two sweet things walking this way. Don't look like the heat's bothering them, do it."

Two teen-age girls, their Dr. Scholl's clattering, walked slowly up the crumbling sidewalk. They were very pretty. The two kids working on the car whistled as the girls walked by. The girls raised their chins and wiggled a little more as they went up the hill.

Hank shook his head. They'd never looked like that when he'd been a kid.

"I could handle them," he told Johnny.

Johnny laughed. "You're full of shit, Hank. Just trying to get it up would ruin that back of yours."

"What do you know?"

"I know plenty. I know the only way you'll get any action is to go down to South Street and wave around that fat bonus you'll be getting tomorrow."

"You ought to talk. Way you dress no woman's gonna look at you."

"Hey, you think I'd wear these rags if you hadn't of given them to me for nothing?"

"If I hadn't you'd be walking around town in your skivvies."

"Might not be a bad idea. Bet that would just set Edna right off. I come around here dancing naked and you'll lose your wife."

Hank flushed and glared at him. "What kind of shit are you talking? I ought to bust you one."

"C'mon, Hank, I was just kidding."

"All you do is kid. Wish I could kid around all day instead of working."

Johnny stood up and rubbed his beer belly through his soiled t-shirt. "Now listen to who's talking shit. After tomorrow you won't be bitching about work no more. You'll be taking it easy, just like me. But who wants to argue? Not me. Not in this heat. I'm gonna go home and watch a little TV and then tomorrow I'll come over and we'll have a few beers and celebrate your retirement." He winked at Hank. "After tomorrow its just you and me, kid, just you and me."

Hank watched him cross the street and disappear around the corner. It was dark now. The ususal crowd of kids was gathering under the corner street light. Hank watched them pass a cigarette and shook his head. Must be one of them joints. Kids nowadays. When he'd been their age he'd already been working in the mills, throwing scrap metal into a blast furnace. He'd hurt his back there and when the war came he couldn't fight. He married Edna instead. A couple of years after the war the mill closed down and he had to find a new job. He worked at the asbestos factory for fifteen years, till one morning he woke up and couldn't stop coughing. The doctor told him he had to quit smoking and the company told him he had to leave. The compensation they gave him hardly paid the bills, and Edna couldn't do nothing, so he had to get another job as soon as he felt better. After being out of work for three years he got a job at the pipe factory and started all over again. He was forty-six years old then. It seemed like yesterday.

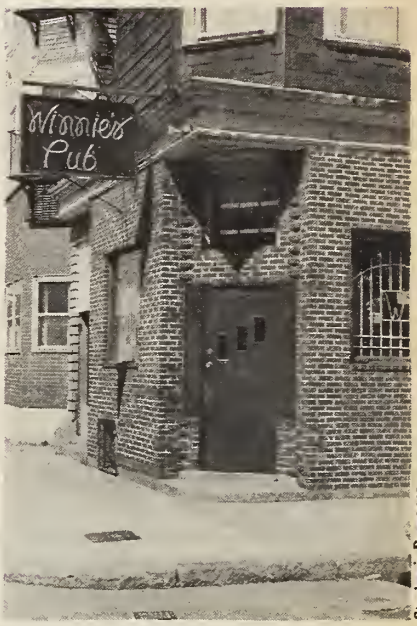
One day at work a pipe tumbled off the blades of a fork-lift and landed on his back. He was in the hospital for two months and out of work for a year. Quaker Pipe Company didn't want to hire him back, but then they'd had the union problem. They took Hank back and made him a janitor and told him to take it easy. They also told him to vote against the union. Mr. Sokum, the owner, told Hank if the ulnion won he'd have to shut the plant down or lose money. When the union was defeated Sal, the plant superintendent, told Hank to either take a cut in pay or work less hours. Hank took the pay cut. Because the cleaning up was

Pension -- to page 37

Out All Night

by R. Powers and D. Neal

Listen my children and you shall hear
of our night adventures, quaint and queer.
It was wet, it was squishy, and ever so dark,
as we travelled across town from Central to Park.
Most townsmen were sleeping, all a-snoring,
while we searched for the nightlife, a task oh so boring.
Now Boston you know is historic and quaint,
but a city of nightlife believe us it aint.
So listen my children and you shall know,
the tale of a nigh full of weirdos and woe . . .
We started the night, expectations high.
Where should we go] We'd decide bye and bye.
We crossed the Charles into Central Square,
P&P Pub we entered there.
The fare was hearty, delicious and cheap,
and the prices there also not to be beat.
The lights of the Cantab we saw in a flash,
so darting through traffic we made a mad dash.
Inside there was Little Joe and his Thrillers,
the music was old, but the songs they were killers.
We sat there a set from beginning to end,
then moved on to Ryles just round the bend.
The bar was all shiny with lights and a mirror,
but because of the decor the prices were dearer.
Amid all this flash, our fund went too fast,
so we went back to Kens that we'd previously passed.
We peeked in the window, it was crowded at Kens,
so the hell with waiting, we're off to the Fens.
We stopped off at Brigham upon the Green line,
the night was still young, there was plenty of time.
We went to a pub – Winnie's by name,
an Irishman sang but his words were too tame.
On again we felt we must roam,
it wasn't that late, no need to go home.
Back to the Green line to Quincy market,
since we had no car, no need to park it!
In Bette's Rolls Royce we set ourselves down,
but the songstress was off key so we stayed just one round.



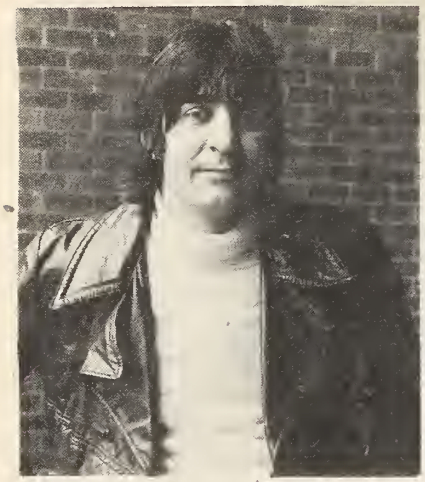
Stephanie Romanos

Stephanie Romanos

Along the water to the Wharf we strolled,
it's known for its view, or so we were told.
All in a line they stood at the bar,
the place was too crowded, you couldn't move far.
A bearded young man a lone woman spied,
"aren't you my cousin " the young man lied.
Of standard lines, this woman was leery,
but this one was new, she'd answer his query.
And off in a corner, far to the right,
a gent pinched a gent and started a fight.
The action was moving, the place was quite fun,
we decided to stay, and did until one.
Our stomachs were grumbling, for food we were greedy,
so off to Chinatown, yes indeedy!
To Ying Ying's we went for egg roll and fried rice,
the decor was Big Mac but the food was quite nice.
The zone was nearby, a thought we did ponder,
at this hour of night was it safe there to wander]
The ladies were standing 'neath lights of red,
while visions of dollars danced in their heads.
The red turned to purple with a cop's blue light,
and the ladies scurried into the night.
Now the hour was late, what else was in store, we're afraid to tell you the rest was a bore.
Bus stations, Star Market and 7/11,
to those with insomnia must seem quite like heaven.
But by this time of night we were tired and sick,
so back to our beds we went very quick.
Boston's a city of which we can brag,
but late at night folks, it's kind of a drag.

Campus Controversy

Which of the current presidential candidates should be elected?



Stephanie Romanos

Jay Alberto

Kennedy

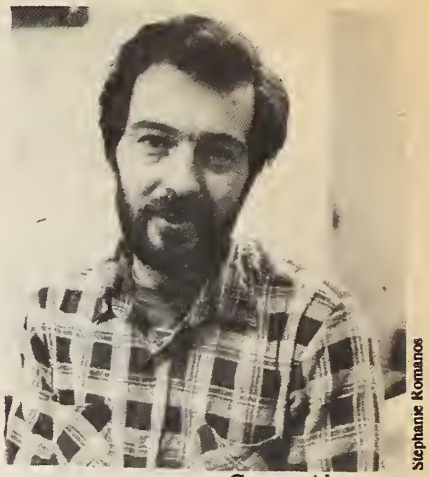
Carter should not be re-elected because of his inability and negligence in areas of domestic and foreign affairs. Kennedy should be our next president because of his recorded success in both the above.

Carter made the deep inflationary step of decontrolling the price of crude domestic oil, which Kennedy was critical of. Carter failed to insist that an effective windfall tax be implemented before proceeding; however, he did insist that fuel assistance for low-income families should not begin until the windfall tax was passed. Senator Kennedy successfully fought in Congress to provide fuel assistance funds immediately for the elderly and low-income citizens without making them wait. The first windfall tax Carter tried to pass was a sham, which Kennedy successfully opposed.

Gasoline has gone up from $.50 per gallon in 1976 to $1.30 today. Now reports mirage that: the Energy Department and the oil industry knew a year before that they were embarked on a course that would reduce oil supplies while demand was increasing, and would send prices soaring. Also, that contrary to the repeated assertions of James Schlesinger, and oil company executives, that the fuel emergency was triggered by the closing of Iran's oil fields, events leading to the shortage were set in motion by the oil industry and by the government before the revolution in Iran. Thus, Carter and industry take blame for weekend closings and spiraling prices.

When Carter took office, inflation was 4.8 percent, now it is climbing to 20. We are heading for a recession which could put up to 15 million people out of work. Carter's enormous budget cuts can reduce inflation by only one-tenth of one percent over two years. Kennedy calls the budget cuts cruel and unjust to poor, elderly and working people, and he is absolutely right!

The economic controls that Kennedy demanded, in these "unholidays" of the Freidman gangsters, are important because a president must be in a position of power to deal directly with domestic crises like inflation. Being a "high priest of patriotism" just won't do.



Stephanie Romanos

George Abruzzese

Carter

The major difference between Carter and the other presidential candidates is that their success depends on his failure to: a) fix an ailing economy and reduce inflation; b) resolve the crisis in Iran, and c) effectively deal with the Russians.

If he succeeds in these things his nomination is almost inevitable. Some political pundits would still argue and call for his demise but few will admit it is a possibility. In spite of the media campaign to make him look inept he has shown power where it counts; in the ballot boxes of the April 1 primaries he has more than 50 percent of the delegates required for the nomination. Opposition hopefuls are hoping that with Brown and Anderson out of the race that Ted Kennedy will pick up the liberal vote because neither Carter nor Reagan appeal. Actually liberal republicans may prefer Carter to Anderson but there is little doubt that Kennedy could draw some of those votes if Anderson should fall by the wayside.

Carter has had some major policy successes including the signing of the Windfall Profits Tax, the initial treaty between Egypt and Israel, and hopefully he will receive a balanced budget from the Congress. If he can get the hostages released without too much more delay it would be a big plus for his candidacy. The government in Iran has proved itself to be totally unreliable up to this point although there remains a chance that the hostages will be released soon.

The Windfall Profits Tax, just passed last week, had a difficult struggle in Congress. Energy interests have worked hard towards its defeat but were unsuccessful. The tax will add hundreds of millions of dollars to the Federal treasury. It will fund programs and give back to the people some of the money extorted from them by the energy industry.

Carter lost the primaries in New York and Connecticut at the time of the UN vote regarding settlements in the occupied territory in Israel. In a country that boasts it's committment to human rights and territorial sovereignty people should not be surprised that the US should seek to support the PLO.

Kennedy

Kennedy is well-known for his stand against the intercontinental tidal wave of nuclear arms. he is one of the key senate leaders in Salt II talks. Carter has shown a complete inability and negligence in halting world-wide proliferation of nuclear technology and weaponry. Kennedy states: "In the past four years we have moved far in the wrong direction. Today there are more nuclear plants in the world, not less, producing plutonium and highly enriched uranium. This plutonium and uranium can provide the fuel for nuclear bombs:" Carter and the "rose garden" boys fail to even make this an issue. As Argentina and Brazil receive nuclear technology, ignored are threats of Pakistan's rush to a nuclear bomb, which risk a nuclear arms race on the Indian subcontinent. Kennedy echoes these issues across the country while Carter tells strange tales of patriotism.

Mondale has the audacity to make such claims that Carter's response to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan showed he had more backbone than his challengers. Yet he can't find his way out of the rose garden to debate "the new Carter doctrine" that could send us on a paid vacation to the Persian gulf. Perhaps he is waiting for more "backbone."

Carter was told by top sources the dangers of letting the $20 billion dictator in the country; he did anyway. Now he is using the hostage negotiations to gain votes, only reaching "positive developments" around poll opening. Carter accepted a debate in Iowa after the hostages were already seized in Iran. He refused after they had been held for two months. The level of patriotism Carter is trying to trigger in Americans is an insult to their intelligence. Past administrations destroyed democratic nationalism in Iran and supported a monstrous military apparatus for 25 years, and now we are paying the price: military isolation. This is what Kennedy means by the "failure of the old in foreign policy." He does not think another generation of youth should be sent to their graves for it.

Not a single additional state legislatlure has ratified ERA since Carter took office. Not one sex discrimination in education suit been brought by the Department of Justice since he took office. Not one institution has been subjected to HEW sanctions for violating the rights of women under Title IX. Carter's budget drastically cuts the women's under-funded Educational Equity Act. Kennedy was one of the key Senate leaders in the drive to extend the ratification date. He has pledged ratification of the ERA as "one of the highest priority's of a Kennedy Administration." Kennedy's legislative record is without peer on concerns of the reproductive rights of women. To name just a few: legislation prohibiting discrimination on the basis of pregnancy; hearings on DES; authorized federal help to local rape crisis centers; hearings on obstetrical practices, on fetal monitoring devices; reform to abolish requirements of corroboration for victim's testimony in rape cases; aid to victims of domistic violence or spouse abuse, etc.

It is clear that the major theme to Kennedy's campaign is humane economics, while Carter's is abstractions like patriotism and the sado-masochism of sacrifice.

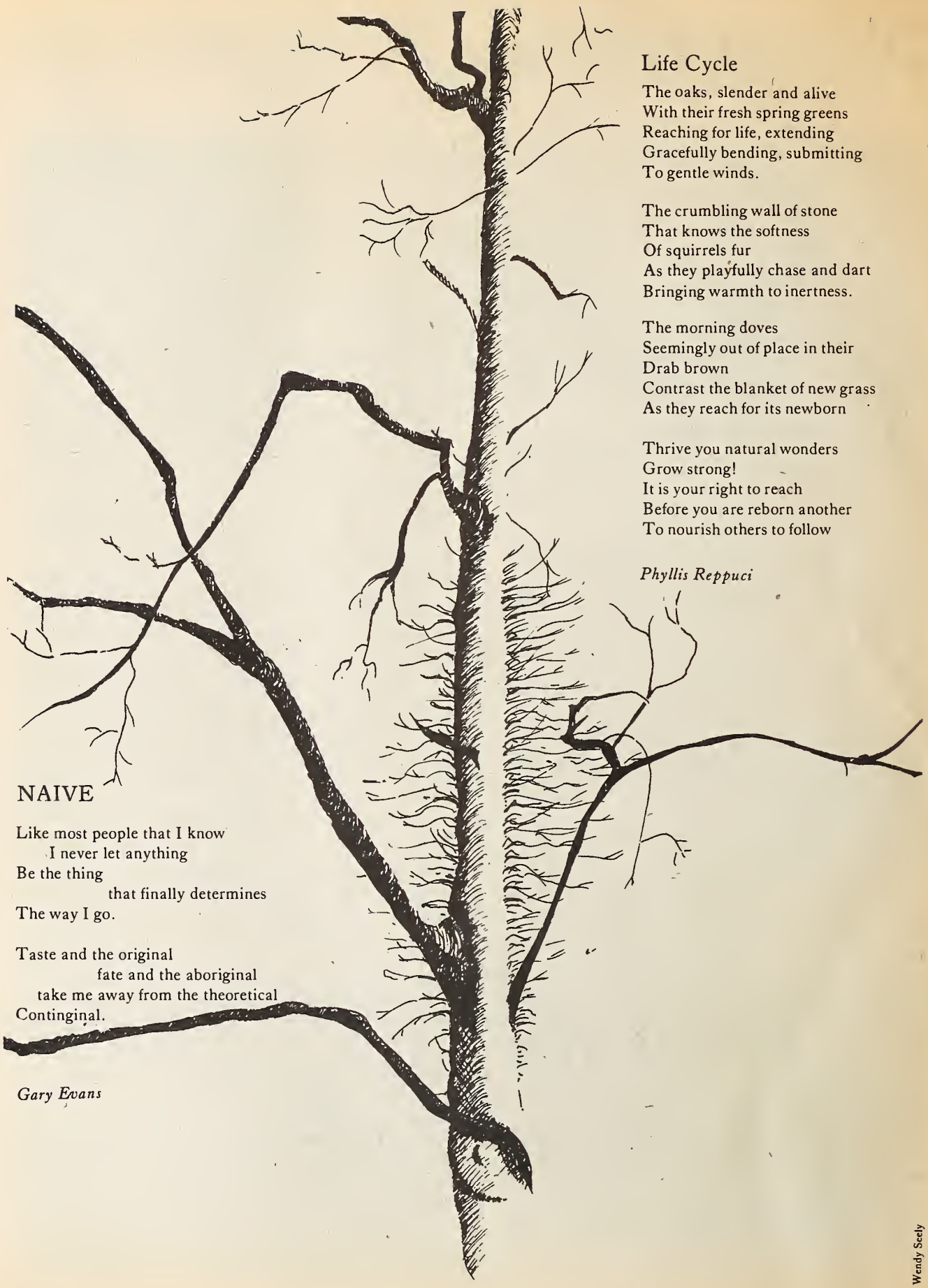
Carter

As the world moves into a decreased growth period industry will be forced to gear down and people will have to be less extravagant with their money. We are all aware of the difficulties that arise from borrowing money and being in debt. In that the general population has found it impossible to discipline itself the President has helped us by making money available only at exorbitant rates. Money is hard to come by because the government recognizes that money spent fast which has to be paid back slow adds to the inflation rate, increases the national debt, and makes it more impossible to make ends meet. As industrial growth around the world slows it will be harder to meet the consumer demands of the people. The people of the US will have to learn to live without the benefits we have derived from exploitation of the neo-industrial and non-industrial states. In spite of these restrictions people in this country still stand above most of the world in wages earned, products available and live at a level of decency that is still far above the rest of the world's people. It has been a long standing policy that US exploitation of developing nations has been justified in the past. The fact that Carter seeks to change this is another indicator that he seeks to alter long standing US policies and alter the disparity between the US and nations around the world.

Carter has been severely criticized for his response to the Russian escapade in Afghanistan. Almost any other President would have forced a military showdown. Instead Carter tried to hurt Russia economically by boycotting the Olympics and halting the export of grain and of high technology to the Soviet Union. People should realize that the money poured into the Russian Treasury from the Olympics adds up to perhaps a half a billion dollars which will undoubtedly finance more of Russia's interventions into the affairs of other nations. Stopping that flow of money now will help to preserve peace in the future or at least put off a war.

Carter has also shown great restraint in Iran which many people find unpalatable. Many people feel the US image is being washed in the mud. For the US to have returned the shah would have made it unlikely that anyone would ever seek asylum here ever again. A US version of the raid on Entebbe would have undoubtedly cost the lives of some of the hostages. Still Carter has been criticized for seeking a peaceful solution. Unknown to many people it was Carter that stopped the flow of blackmail money being paid to the religious leaders of Iran in 1977. This alone may have helped start the Iranian Revolution which had been delayed for twenty years because the four previous presidents continuously paid the religious leaders for their silence and financed the shah with a continuous flow of military goods and money and technology.

It is more than difficult to get the people of a nation to go along with a president when he is popular and has the support of the other governance bodies, but in Carter's case he has found opposition at almost every turn. In spite of this he has slowed the economy, recognized the PLO and continues to support Israel, and has avoided a major confrontation with Russia. All of these moves will have long term beneficial effects. If people take the time to look at his action and read between the lines his defeat in November is very unlikely. The other choices seem short on action and long on empty rhetoric.



Life Cycle

The oaks, slender and alive
With their fresh spring greens
Reaching for life, extending
Gracefully bending, submitting
To gentle winds.

The crumbling wall of stone
That knows the softness
Of squirrels fur
As they playfully chase and dart
Bringing warmth to inertness.

The morning doves
Seemingly out of place in their
Drab brown
Contrast the blanket of new grass
As they reach for its newborn

Thrive you natural wonders
Grow strong!
It is your right to reach
Before you are reborn another
To nourish others to follow

Phyllis Reppuci

NAIVE

Like most people that I know
I never let anything
Be the thing
that finally determines
The way I go.

Taste and the original
fate and the aboriginal
take me away from the theoretical
Contingiṇal.

Gary Evans

Wendy Seely

Written Introspection

D. Scott Robinson

Well, Robinson

You confess

You're depressed

Someone saves you

No-one can

About before

And how

So much useful time

So much more time

That's more healthy

That's more nec's'ry

So much good

The type of good

You ignored — you needed

Novelty — rarely being satisfied rarely really relaxing.
Real relaxation
Really being relaxed is in itself beauty
In a sense of Creative Tension

I want my body back

For my newer sense.

You confess

You're depressed

Someone saves you

You understand

It's M.S.

You're hoping

Though you know that

You're thinking

It came on

You'd wasted

And now things take

More time eating —

More time sleeping —

But you're also noticing

You'd not seen before

So subtle and serene

Action — you thought you
were needing
So long as it's balanced

I? Aye.

But not in trade

Yes.
Yes DSR
You understand

It's M.S.

You're hoping

Though you know that no-one can.

Summer, 1976

Campus Bookstore To Buy or Not to Buy

by Karen McDonald

Standing in the check-out line patiently waiting, I'm now person number thirty. My expertise in counting heads is growing-- as I've been doing so for the last fifteen minutes. Looking around, I see students frantically searching for books, a particularly difficult task since the headings English, Sociology, Economics -- are hidden behind students. Some areas are five students deep. The mad rush is on. Check book in hand,I wonder if the sixty-four dollar balance will cover the expense. I also wonder if graduation exercises will be over before I reach the cashier.

Does this sound familiar? The bookstore experience stirs up strong emotions. Students shuffling around desperately looking for books, become outraged at the prices of the books they manage to find. Faculty rush to place orders by a particular deadline -- some having been notified that, yes, they are indeed going to teach English 102, after the deadline is passed. Administrators want the arrival of books to coordinate with the arrival of students as closely as possible. And finally, bookstore employees wonder if they can endure another day of questions.

"Do you have this book?"

"When will the books for English 385 be in?"

"*The Communist Manifesto* is already sold out?"

Although a traditional rite each semester, dealing with the book buying process requires a certain type of stamina to endure the frustrations of each of these positions; whether one is a student, a faculty member or administrator.

The bookstore at UMass/Boston most of us have had some experience with is run by a private company called Brennan College Service. They have been selling books at UMass/Boston for over four and a half years now, but it was not always this way.

When the university first opened, the bookstore was run by the university. According to Forest Speck, head of auxilary services, UMass/Boston went to Amherst for assistance. The UMass/Amherst campus initially stocked and operated the bookstore. Because of this, UMass/Boston owed UMass/Amherst a debt of $108,500. "A Boston-based trust operated if until the spring of 1974,' says Speck," It ran for three or four years. It was not meeting its operating expenses. It was a deficit operation and was getting worse. Many book companies would not ship textbooks without cash in advance. In the spring of '74 the bookstore was not sure if it could produce books for students."

An article entitled *The UMB Bookstore: The Facts of the Case* published in *The Mass Media* on Tuesday, June 11, 1974, gives conflicting evidence. It states, "In the first year of operation of the bookstore ((1968-1969) a loss of $22,910 was incurred. However in the following year (under the management of David Cannamella) a profit of $5,206 was made and the year after a profit of $5,206 was made and the year after a profit of $8,935." These figures do not include the debt owed to UMass/Amherst. During the school year 1971-72 the university hired an additional manager at a salary of $15,000, and the bookstore suffered a $2,299 loss. The following year that loss increased to $3,789. These figures were supplied by Vice-Chancellor Hamilton's office.

Forest Speck went on to explain why the university went from a student-run bookstore to one run by a privately owned management company. "Then we decided to go to a company better able to handle this load. And they are better able to handle it because they are bigger and stronger." Later he added, "Many university bookstores run bad businesses: our bookstore went from being a great drain to being a source of revenue." The Ad Hoc Committee to Boycott the Bookstore, formed by students in response to the controversy, saw the situation differently. "This incompetent management of the bookstore by the UMB administration has been used as an argument for the sale of the bookstore to a private - oriented corporation." The boycotting students raised the question of whether a private profit-making company has the right to run a bookstore for a publicly-supported institution like UMass/Boston.

The decision to go from a university managed bookstore to a contracted management bookstore was reviewed by the College Deans, the Vice-Chancellors, the Chancellor, and the Board of Trustees. Forest Speck explained the selection process from that point on. "Public bidding then began. We contracted a great number of college management companies. We told them we were interested in going concession and we developed specifications that we

Stephanie Romanos

would require in a contract." These specifications included 1. hours of operation, 2. employment practices, and 3. the stipulation that textbooks would be available to students on time. There was also another element involved -- a financial one. Each company was to bid how much of a commission the company was willing to pay the university.

According to Forest Speck, Barnes and Noble bid the lowest at three and a half percent. A seven and a half percent bid was the highest, with the Brennan College Service coming in at five percent.

The Brennan College Service was chosen because of their reputation as a strong company. They manage twenty-nine other college bookstores, including the bookstores at Wellesley College, Wheaton College, Amherst College, Mt. Holyoke, Smith College, and Cape Cod Community College.

Unfortunately when the Brennan College Service came to the University, the Administration did not protect the interests of University Bookstore employees. Vice-Chancellor Hamilton stated, "We have talked to each and every employee currently in the bookstore in an effort to ascertain what committments have been made to them and what their expectations were. As a result of these efforts I am satisfied that no individual will suffer because of the management transition.. However, the *Mass Media* interviewed the nine former employees and "all expressed surprise and anger at this revelation since none were contacted by Hamilton before the decision to sell the bookstore had already been made."

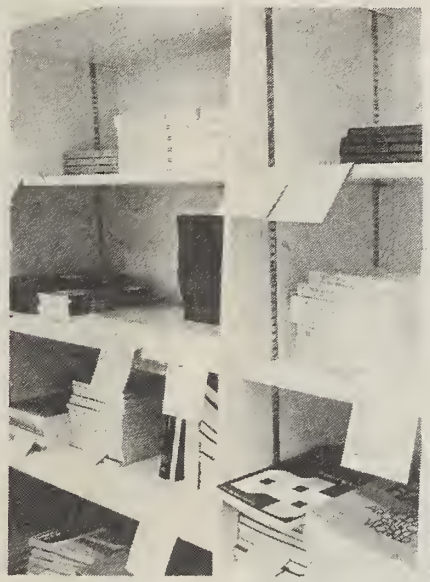
In addition, the Brennan College Service did not recognize the seniority of the employees, his/her employee rating, or their accumulated vacation time, since the employees were not working for Brennan College Service during these time periods. The administration had argued that the contractor's labor practices would be an important consideration in selection a successful bidder. However if this was the case, why was Barnes and Noble not awarded the contract.?

Barnes and Noble had proposed hiring "many more students than had been the practice." While the bidding process was going on they also proposed "preferential hiring of present employees" as well as "accumulation of years of service for the purpose of accumulating this (vacation) benefit."

Another point of contention during this time was a clause in the bookstore contract. It states, "An advisory committee consisting of student and faculty will be established to advise the concession concerning the needs of the University. The concession shall agree to meet with this committee on all matters pertaining to major decisions."

Forest Speck elaborated, "When we tried to organize the bookstore advisory committee the mechanism of the time said that the Vice-Chancellor would solicit recommendations from the Deans for both students and faculty. When that happened a number of people objected to that mechanism. We met four or five times. They were poorly attended. Some people objected to the mechanism of the Vice-Chancellor. It became very noisy."

When asked if he would reinstitute the commettee if students and faculty expressed interest he replied, "I would be very interested." When asked if the mechanism used previously would be implemented now, he answered, "I don't know."



Stephanie Komanos

The Brennan College Service Contract was renewed last June for a period of three years if both parties agree. So at least for the present, Brennan College Service is here to stay.

Rick Laliberte, manager of the bookstore answered many of the question students have pondered over: How are the prices arrived at? Who makes the money on them? How come there aren't more used books? and How come we can't return books after the first three weeks of the semester? He later went on to tell about the trials and tribulations of being the bookstore manager.

PRICING

Explains Laliberte, "For new textbooks, the list prices are set by the publisher. My price is determined by a discount of that price. Here is an example; I buy a $5.00 book from a publisher. He gives me a 20 percent discount on it. So it costs me $4.00. On major textbooks the discount from the publisher is generally 20 percent. I make $1.00 on a $5.00 book. That is my gross profit. I have to pay freight charges from this. I have my own costs, too. I have people to pay for stamping books. I have several people who check to make sure that the books are in the proper condition and have the correct prices stamped on them." He went on to explain how most textbooks can be returned to the publisher for credit on their next order if they do not sell.

Laliberte discussed how he prices used books: "The used book dealer sells me used textbooks at the current list price (of the book) minus 50 percent. My cost is half and then I mark them up 25 percent. For example if a new book costs $10.00 then the same book used would cost me $5.00. I would sell it for $7.50. I make $2.50 and the student saves $2.50. So I pass the savings on." The availability of used books is a problem. "I can't get one hundred used books from one source. I may get six books from one wholesaler, three from another, and so on."

What happens when a student comes into the bookstore to sell his/her books? "When a student sells a textbook", Rick explained, "We pay half of the new price for the upcoming semester." This is taking for granted that the book is going to be used then. "I would rather buy from students than from Barnes and Noble. Hopefully you'll take the money you receive from selling books and buy a T-shirt, here."

Rick feels textbooks are a hard item to sell. "I think a comparison between textbooks and automobile insurance is accurate -- you don't want them, you need them, and they are expensive. It is very difficult to be popular selling textbooks," he says.

"I don't know who makes the money in the textbook industry." He illustrated his problems with another example: "Let's say I order ten books at $10.00 a piece. It cost me $80.00 plus freight. This price incluse the general 20 percent publisher's discount. I have the potential of earning 20 percent. Now let's say that out of the ten books I sell seven. I've made $70.00. I haven't even met the cost of the books.

_ **Bookstore -- to page 42**

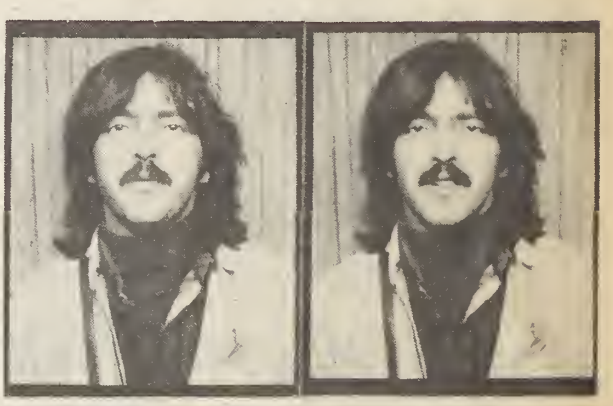
The Artistic Vision:

Seeing Through the Eyes of Three Student Artists

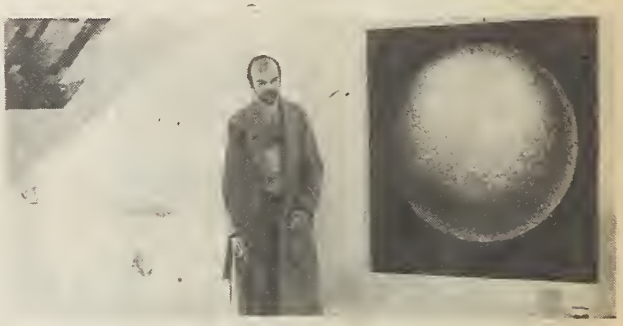
by Maris Nichols

Steven Eric Emmons, Robert Fata, and Laura Montgomery are three visual artists currently studying in the UMass/Boston art department. Wavelength recently interviewed these artists about their work, their art philosophies, and their future plans.

Laura Montgomery *is twenty-one and a junior. Her work currently spans film, photography, and video. After her studies she plans to work as a photo-journalist, but claims her real interest is in exhibiting and selling her pictoral photos. She is now working in semi-documentary photography.*



Robert Fata *is a twenty-five year old senior at UMass. Raised in New York City, he claims he "used to find it really frightening being outdoors, but now I love it." Robert's main interest is film, although he works in printing and photography as well. After his studies, he plans to go on making personal documentaries or "diarist home movies" as an independent filmmaker.*



Steven Eric Emmons *is an exchange student from the State University College at Buffalo. His primary focus is painting and graphics. At twenty-three, he is a working artist currently showing at Wenninger Graphics on Newbury Street, and in New York City. Steven is unsure whether he will stay at UMass to earn a degree, but plans to pursue a career as a visual artist after his studies. His work was featured in the last issue of* **Wavelength** *and includes paintings, drawings, and prints.*

Interview/Steven Eric Emmons

Wavelength: What techniques are your currently concerned with in your art?

Steven: Right now I'm doing a lot of work with continuous, undulating lines. I've been working with lines in unique form, trying to incorporate this technique into a process. What I do is to work with out-of-the-ordinary patterns created through smooth execution. This is derived from my studies of the old masters, particularly Leonardo Da Vinci. The head of the woman I'm now working on is an elaboration on a Da Vinci study. Through studying these works, I've realized what it takes to get that feeling: that masterful touch. The secret behind it, why it works, it that each line is a perfect undulation.To use this technique successfully, all I have to do is remain loose but at the same time, be in control.

Wavelength: Who are some of the other artists you feel have influenced your work?

Steven: For prints I look to the old masters. Albert Durer, for example. The standard of excellence is what I look for -- his superb execution and draftsmanship, combined with an excellent sense of design.

Wavelength: So you feel craft is very important for an artist?

Steven: Yes, I do. It kills me when I hear modern artists say "I can't draw, but I'm an artist." It's like a writer saying "I'm illiterate." No matter what mode or style the artist works in, the very basic thing is an excellent sense of design, and the ability to control the work. One needs a complete mastery of the medium.

Wavelength: In visual art then, you would stress the importance of drawing?

Steven: Yes. It's absolutely *the* most important thing. I'm now working on a triptych which is a series of landscapes -- very impressionistic. From a distance, the drawing is apparent in them, they appear to be totally clear and realistic. On closer examination, they're quite erratic-looking.

Wavelength: You see drawing as fundamental to any kind of successful visual art, and you seem to be working in different modes and using different techniques. Do you feel an artist needs to acquire a "style" of his or her own?

Steven: No, I think one mistake a lot of artists make is feeling they have to find a niche too early in their careers. I hope I never find a "style," and keep doing the same sort of thing. If I drew a different way every single day of my life, I couldn't begin to explore even 1 per cent of one of the possibilities there are. The study of drawing is a lifetime pursuit. Once an artist finds something they can do successfully -- like Leroy Neiman, Peter Max -- they keep doing the same thing over and over again. It's unfortunate also that where they stopped is a very mundane and commercial point. This is the fault of the galleries as well; marketing sometimes forces artists to do that. The artist has to beware not to allow the market to dictate their work to them.

Wavelength: In attempting to do the most, often one risks the most. Do you think it's important to experiment and to take risks in your art?

Steven: Yes, when you experiment, you do risk the most. But you have to maintain your standards and not stay in the same mode just to make money. I mean, we're in the real world; artists have to eat too, but once you start basing your work on what is going to sell, you lose the most important part of it.

Wavelength: Art then, you feel, should not be utilitarian.

continued

Interview/Laura Montgomery & Robert Fata

Wavelength: What do you think is the toughest thing about being a "young struggling artist"?

Laura: The uncertainty: Are you going to be able to produce art and have it shown and sold so you don't have to drain yourself working at menial jobs? It's a hard cycle trying to work and produce art.

Robert: I think it's knowing that your art is worthwhile to you, but not knowing whether you can make it worthwhile to others.

Wavelength: Do you expect to make a professional career of your art?

Robert: Well, I feel artists really litter the streets . . . I mean, unless you're really unique, it's hard to be a marketable item. I just do it because I have to . . . and as long as I have the money to buy art supplies, even if it means having to wash toilets, I'll be happy.

Wavelength: Do you think the UMass environment, and the art department in particular, is supportive of the experience of creating art as a valid pursuit?

Laura: Yes, I would say so. The teachers are always encouraging students who wish to pursue careers in art. The curriculum at UMass is restrictive. For example, you can't take a course for four levels; most of the courses only go up to three levels.

Robert: You can take independent study if your really want to pursue something that interests you. People forget UMass is a liberal arts college, not a fine arts college. But I think the art department here is better than a lot of so-called professional art schools. It's a nice balance to be able to take academic along with art courses . . . it's all the same. Art is an extension of yourself.

Laura: I've sought refuge in the art department this semester from the pressures of student government. It's a comforting department.

Wavelength: Do you think students graduating from UMass will be as qualified as students graduating from art schools?

Robert: It depends on how serious you are. You can get a good art education at UMass, but don't get the BFA, which is necessary for teaching. You can get a BA with an art major.

hard. I have a problem with people saying "oh, you have it so easy. All you artists do is dabble, play, it's all fun." It's not any easier than any other field of study. Just as much history is necessary, only you see the scope of world development through art. English majors feel as artists they're the cream of the crop but this isn't true. Art is not as accessible as writing. If you are untrained, you can look at a painting and not understand the language it is speaking. People will say "oh, I could've done that" but they couldn't have. A lot of people don't understand what goes into it.

Robert: Writing can also be very abstract. I had to do research on Sylvia Plath's poem "Ariel" in order to understand it.

Wavelength: Laura, you seem to be saying words are a common language we all agree on, but forms and colors don't have set meanings and it's up to the artist to create those meanings.

Laura: Forms and colors do mean things, but you have to learn those things through art. It's out of ignorance that people say "oh, I could've done that" because they don't really know what the art means.

Wavelength: So you feel frustrated that visual artists aren't

continued

Steven Eric Emmons

Due to printer's error the names on the two pages have been transposed. Our apologies to these two artists.

Robert Fata

Steven: No, because then the essence of what fine art is is lost.

Wavelength: Do you feel you sometimes use your work as a means of making social commentary?

Steven: In our environment, we're all affected by things which cause us all concern. Things enter in, but my work is basically a highly personal thing. I revert to the Greek ideal of art as beauty. You can make art out of one line, if it's a beautiful line. To center your art around one thing is to limit it extremely. Art should embrace all, good and bad, that you come in contact with in your life.

Wavelength: Was there any particular point in your training when you felt you made an important breakthrough? When you surpassed some limitation in your art?

Steven: The only limitation is skill. You must be constantly developing, defining, redefining, and defining again. There will always be things I'll dream about doing but won't have the skills to execute. Right now I have ideas I couldn't possibly execute. I'm laboring now on getting the skills to execute these ideas. People think it's so easy to be an artist, that you basically just sit down and play. But it's about 1 per cent talent and 99 per cent work. Every so often someone comes along with 2 per cent talent, but if they don't do the 98 per cent work, they're not going to make it.

Wavelength: Would you like to talk about your development as an artist?

Steven: Well, I'm only twenty-three. I did my first drawing at eighteen. But I attacked art with a fervor. I was basically flipped out. All those hundreds of hours are really paying off now. I have enough hand-to-eye coordination to let things happen now. Even when I do abstract works, I always include some representational factor. Always there's one recognizable thing, even in an unrecognizable context. This makes the work more accessible to people who don't have a broad background in art, they can still appreciate it. Even if the work is really abstract, if you have deliberately achieved that level of excellence, if it's done in a masterful way, people will see it, it will be evident. If it's not done in a masterful way, if it's off-handish, people will see that. Work done that way is basically worthless.

Wavelength: So you feel a very high degree of skill is necessary, even to execute something extremely abstract.

Steven: Absolutely. All the years of work which led up to that piece, however abstract it is, will be evident.

Wavelength: Would you favor a classical approach to art?

Steven: Well, you can't fool the viewer. I studied art history. The first semester at college, before I took any studio art, I took an independent study and travelled to South America. This was a great inspiration for my organ print, in the Andes mountains. It was certainly an eye-opening experience. Being on that trip put the world in perspective for me. I don't have a very narrow view. The U.S. is a very safe, protected world. But the third world isn't safe or protected at all, (and that's most of the world). After this trip, I returned to the State University College of Buffalo and there I studied studio and art history for two years. Then I took a leave of absence and travelled to Europe in order to view the works of art I'd been studying for two years first-hand. This had a tremendous effect on my work. It put my work in perspective against the greatest efforts of the greatest artists. And I still hold them up as standards. After that, I returned to Buffalo, took another year, and realized it wasn't the place for me. I had gone as far as I could go, I'd reached my full potential as an artist in that city.

Wavelength: Why did you choose Boston instead of New York?

continued

Laura Montgomery

given the credit they deserve?

Robert: Oh no, they aren't at all. Artists aren't taken seriously at all. Just in terms of health hazards -- when scientists are working with dangerous substances like acid, there's all sorts of protection for them, but for artists, who work with many dangerous substances including acid, there's no protection at all.

Wavelength: Do you think this is indicative of attitudes towards art in general: that it's something unecessary and unproductive and unimportant?

Laura: Yes I do but I think at UMass there's a strong feeling of support between students and faculty. I think the gallery is pretty safe -- it's protected by the SAC and there will always be students each semester to run it. The women's center also recognizes women artists and displays art regularly.

Robert: And every semester there's a student show at the Harbor Campus that's open to all students, not just art majors. Also, each class has a show in the art department, in the lobby. And the library, on the 5th floor, just recently hosted the National Scholastic Art Awards. This is a nationwide contest which is usually hosted by the Boston Globe.

Wavelength: How did you become interested in pursuing art?

Robert: Well, I would say it just kind of evolved. I've always been a very visual person. When I would read a book I would always look at the images first and then read the text. I like art, it's a way of performing. My art is very musical -- it's therapeutic too.

continued

Steven: Well, I'd visited artists in New York. It's a real rat-race; incredibly backstabbing, hectic, just not that conducive at this point in my life. In Boston, I've got the proximity to New York, and actually, right now I've got fifty prints in a gallery in New York which will be going to Tokyo and London. I like the atmosphere in Boston and it's close enough to exploit both markets. In the coming years, most of my ties will be in New York, and I might end up living there, but right now, for me, this is the place to be.

Wavelength: So you feel the Boston art world meets your purposes right now?

Steven: Yes, it's a culturally aware city, probably due to its historic aspects. After all, art is history. There are several things Boston has going for it. The Museum of Fine Arts has the most fabulous of collection of Monets in the country. This is an invaluable source both to students and to artists. Plus there are the commercial Newbury Street galleries, basically a counterpart of Madison Avenue, which has a commercially geared attitude, but requires excellence.

Wavelength: Who are you currently studying with in Boston?

Steven: I'm involved working in the studio of a master painter, William Georgenes, twelve hours per week. He's my mailn critic and a very close friend. Through him, I've been introduced to Herbert Fox, master printer, with whom I'm now working regularly on graphic work. Coming to Boston exposed me to these people. I've also met young artists whom I've benefitted from exchanging information with.

Wavelength: Some artists feel the interaction between a work of art and the viewer is more important than the beauty of the work. Would you care to comment on this?

Steven: Work must be beautiful, but beauty needs to be defined. Something can be really powerful, yet have a beauty of its own. Rodin's *Age of Brass* is an incredibly pitiful scene of beggars on the verge of death, really destitute and yet incredibly beautiful, whereas Monet -- a Monet is serene and beautiful almost for the sake of its own beauty. Both are masterful and wonderful to see. My approach to my work is very joyful. It's a manner of escape. It comes out as a personal statement of what I think are the positive aspects of the mind to fantasize that which isn't really real, but real enough so other people can appreciate the beauty of the work. I don't sell much work to matter-of-fact business-like people who say "what's that supposed to mean?" I call that kind of art K-Mart art.

Wavelength: This mixture of fantasy and reality is very important if your work is to be accessible to laypeople.

Steven: Yes. You've got to get them into the work with something they can recognize. They're looking at a picture which has no relationship visually to anything they understand. I don't believe art is for artists.

Wavelength: Artists are sometimes accused of creating work for each other. Do you think this is valid?

Steven: If a work of art is good, it will be appreciated by everyone. The idea of artists being an elite group is a fallacy because everyone is an elite group. Lawyers, politicains, businessmen, intellectuals, they all serve you. Two geniuses who work in two different fields could get into a conversation together and neither would know what the other is talking about. But this doesn't mean either is smarter than the other.

Wavelength: Are you against work that is deliberately obscure?

Steven: No, I'm not against work that's *deliberately* obscure.

continued

Laura: My interest came from very early studies. I've always been at ease in art and it's something I always seemed to excel in. My family was very supportive of it and encouraged me to pursue it, bought me supplies, and placed a value on creativity. I've always had instructors who have recognized more in my work than I've recognized myself. I still don't really know what I'm doing. But it's starting to come together now. I'm starting to feel the direction I want to go in with my art. I really love photography and I'll probably stick with that longest and make a career in photography. I'd like to do photojournalism to make money, but my real interest is in pictorial photos. I'd like to exhibit them and to sell my work.

Robert: Film-making and printmaking are my favorites. But lately I've become really obsessed with film-making. I start shooting film and then all of sudden the roll's gone.

Wavelength: What kind of films are you making?

Robert: Well, I'd classify them as home movies, but not in the traditional sense of babies, dogs, etc. They're a documentation of my perception of things. They're very visceral and experimental.

Wavelength: Are there any special themes you find yourself concentrating on?

Laura: I like creating worlds of my own within the film. I do animation, taking things out of their usual context and putting them in another context. That's part of my vision. I take things that mean a lot to me, and I isolate them.

Wavelength: Both you and Robert have spoken about your art being very subjective. Do you think this subjectivity means the viewer gets something different from your work than what you mean?

Laura: No. Because images of how I perceive things, when I isolate them, that's how I want other people to see them.

Robert: Yes, my art's very personal. All art is very personal. People can look at it and have their own responses. It's very rare that anyone obtains exactly what the artist means. But I figure whatever anyone can get from a work of art is fine.

Laura: That's why art history is important. You get visions of other artists, in their historical context, and it helps you to understand.

Robert: It's a way of educating. I mean, how many people really look at, examine, feel, everyday objects in their environment?

Wavelength: And you feel this is important?

Robert: Yes. It's really a loss . . . not to really see part of your world.

Laura: The things you surround yourself with are very important.

Wavelength: Who are your favorite artists, or artists you feel have influenced your own work?

Robert: Stan Brakhage. His work is really quite beautiful. And Laurie Anderson, who's not really a film-maker, but a musician. She deals a lot with voice, and has an incredible range of sound. She incorporates technology into her work, but doesn't let it overpower.

Laura: Lilo Raymond, a contemporary photographer. I'm very intrigued with these images: images dealing with the isolation of commonplace objects. I really didn't think about how much I liked those images until I unconsciously started doing the same things.

Robert: Sometimes in order to transcend an artist's work or mode, one has to really consume what that artist is doing.

Laura: Diane Arbus is one of my favorites. I very rarely photograph people but if I do, I isolate them or I photograph

continued

No matter what an artist is doing, it has to be deliberate and it has to show that deliberate attitude. But it seems to me there's a whole generation of artists emerging today who are much more adept at the rhetoric of art than at the actual execution.

Wavelength: I think art has become more intellectual. To the point, in fact, where some artists feel that execution is unimportant. These artists feel if they dream up the ideas, execution of them is secondary. Do you agree with this?

Steven: This is a visual enterprise artists are involved in. You can't be standing there to give a speech to every person who comes in to view your work. The work should stand by itself. Verbal philosophy is quite separate from art.

Wavelength: Do you feel artists sometimes substitute this verbal philosophizing for the actual creation of work?

Steven: Yes. I've sat through so many critiques where I've heard people speak for thirty minutes about a work of art that took thirty seconds to create. I mean, there's a question of proportion here, there's an imbalance as far as the viewer is concerned which, in my opinion, is intolerable.

Wavelength: You seem to object to the excessive intellectualization of visual art.

Steven: Too often it turns out to be the pseudo-intellectual artists doing this. If you can bandy about the right adjectives, they seem to think, you're an artist.

Wavelength: Creating good art, you seem to be saying, is more than a lifestyle.

Steven: Yes. Many people dress up as artists. But it takes more than a uniform to make the person an artist. You see, everybody wants to be an artist because it's instant social status, automatic association with the upper echelon of society. Those who look the most like artists, their work is often the worst. This stems from the image of the artist as a bohemian. The best and most prolific artists are incredibly normal people who spend their time on their art and not on their image.

Wavelength: What we're talking about, it seems to me, is the level of seriousness and the committment, as opposed to the trappings.

Steven: That's exactly what I mean.

Wavelength: What are your work habits?

Steven: I like to listen to music and relax to get in the right frame of mind before beginning.

Wavelength: Each artist has to find their own way of being most productive. If you know you need a certain state of mind to create your art, then you try to set up that state as well as you can.

Steven: Yes. It all has to do with concentration. You can't be paying attention to your art if you're thinking about something else, if your personal life is really wild. I'm sporadic. I have periods where I do nothing but work. Then I have periods where I do nothing because other personal concerns don't allow me the kind of concentration I need. If I'm preoccupied with something else, I deal with the more mundane aspects of my work, stretching canvases, getting materials ready for when I'm ready.

Wavelength: You feel, then, that an artist should be constantly working, whether the work is actually creative, or simply mundane.

Steven: Absolutely. You should be constantly working, but of course, your attitude dictates the kind of work you're doing. In executing a work of art, the key thing is work.

End

them in an environment that is their own. I like to be able to get to know the people I photograph, but if I can't converse with them I try to take something of them, to take something of them and to feel I came to know them.

Robert: Well, I've become a compulsive collector.

Laura: Mmmm . . . found objects. You need to have reserves.

Robert: Artists need to have reserves, visual and tangible.

Laura: One man's trash is another man's treasure. Actually, my father wants to buy me a station wagon because he knows how much I love to go around collecting junk.

Robert: Yeah, my roomates threatened to throw me out, I mean I just fill rooms with this stuff. I did an environmental piece which was a bunch of very nocous looking articles one would have around the home - an iron, kitchen utensils, etc., but I put them together in a way that was very frightening. It was almost like a torture chamber. I made them into something they weren't before.

Laura: I'm fascinated whith Eugene Aget's method of photographing Paris at the turn of the century. His whole notion was that he systematically photographed Paris as he knew it because he knew sometime it would be gone. He wanted to document it as he knew it and he picked the older buildings and sections to photograph. I'm currently doing some documentary work of the dying and near-dead mercantile and professional businesses on Washington Street slated to be torn down: fur dealers, jewellers, optometrists, small merchants. They had small clientele and knew their customers well. It's a way of doing business I really prefer. When I go in those buildings, I think about the 1920's and the 1930's. It's all dying now, and this massiveness -- like Jordan's with it's hundred and two department stores -- is taking over. I can't stand it. I photograph the emptiness, the near-emptiness of these buildings... it's really sad. I know someday it's all going to be gone.

Wavelength: So you feel you use your art as a means of social commentary as well as artistic expression?

Laura: Yes, I do. I'm aware of the different modes of photography and I use them for different purposes.

Robert: Yes, I do deal in social issues. I deal in emotions: loneliness, feeling closed-in, sexuality. These are social issues . . . they're not as blatant as a Goya, but I think they're there.

Laura: I don't think *all* my obligations as an artist are in making social statements.

Robert: It's hard to deal with things on such a large scale. If one can deal with oneself . . .

Laura: Then you're doing all right.

Wvelength: You mentioned before, Robert, that your art was "musical". How is it musical?

Robert: My prints are very musical. I've always been interested in music, but I've always been impatient . . . I still play a little -- it's the certain type of flow music has. I find it in my prints. Some are like jazz, or classical. In my film too. I listen to music when I work. Beethoven's *Concerto No. 5* and *The Pastoral* are among my favorites. My work is like music because it's very internal. Certain music can really make you cry... like having someone tell you a really sad story without any words at all.

End

Give

Inside the depth of the still night
the quiet forest
the quiet forest
the pampered silence wall
light sings

give still the night of the dripping blood
of hands, souls
feet
the burning heat
of the death
light sings

watch
with eyes
like the witness
shivering
with truculence
truncheon, whipped sad dance
the trunk cried out
light sings

clap hands
the melancholy
the trombone moan
gave movements
laid on the table
like a trot
wind is made
slyph -- symetry
clap hands again
swinging
swinging
light sings

Laura Monigomery

Discover
the obscure castle on a hill
exploded imaginations
of the dungeon bed
weep for fear
from the lepers curse
drowning the innocence of their own children's flesh
trace the shadow
trace the shadow
'gainst the oblong hallow wall
that streamed it's sound
like the longest drop of rain
that rose like the voices of constant men
Shouting!!
Shouting!!
Night Sings!!
Night Sings!!

(dedicated to Fay Honey Knopp and to the
voices of the horizon children -- souls
from the prisons we gave)

deta galloway

Stone Wall

It's no mortar
that binds me;
layer upon layer
of stone
the cold finality of time.
Moss is lush in my shadows
Velvet
obscures mica
shining for no sun.

A deed, a streak
in the ground
I'm merely symbolic, yet
you look behind
conscious of boundaries
Beware
exile or prisoner
privy to the attic
or speculation,
With feet planted on either side
you straddle stone
uncertain
I offer no explanation,
you know my history.

The Great Rain
bled to deepest crevices
and lives beyond reach
of a summer sun,
snow thrives
a winter long
my length.
It's no mortar
that binds me,
but the truth of stone.
Some call
logical crags fitting
an art.
I'm merely functional.

Catherine Moylan

The Pub Comes of Age

by Donna Neal and Rebecca Powers

In 1977 a group of students joined together and formed the Pub Club. Their intention was to provide a place on campus where students could socialize over a glass of wine or a pitcher of beer and unwind. From the time the Student Activities Committee received the proposal obstacles developed. First a location had to be found. The site finally selected was the old Building 010, third floor, faculty lounge. The next problem was the question of funding. The SAC secured a loan totaling $50,000 to have the pub built. The money went to furnish the pub with tables and chairs, the bar, and the walk-in cooler. The SAC and the Pub are still in the process of repaying the loan. Pub manager James Parnell says, "I feel it will be another two or three years before the debt is finally paid." But the biggest obstacle the pub proposal had to hurdle was the Ad Hoc committee formed to prevent a pub on campus. The members of the Ad Hoc committee felt that a pub on campus would detract from the serious pursuit of education. This semester the pub is a year old, and many of the fears expressed about having the pub on campus have not materialized.

"Some people really expected this place to be a hazard to campus life. There is still a low-key negative attitude about the pub in some circles, but I have tried to disprove those fears and I think I have," states James Parnell.

David Lowney, a student at UMass and also the assitant manager of the pub, feels those opposed to the pub were overly concerned. "I can understand some people being concerned with having a place on campus selling alcohol during the time many classes are held. It might sway some not to attend classes, to stay and socialize. However, I think the administration deserves a slap on the back, because of those reasons, for allowing a pub on campus."

Stephanie Romanos

Students relaxing at the Pub.

Melissa MacDonald, also a student and employee of the pub, expresses the same feelings. "I think those people were overreacting. They failed to see that there isn't any other place on campus for students to socialize. The pub fills that need."

The students who go to the pub view it as a positive side of their campus life. Although the UMass student population is large, there is a small percentage of students who utilize the pub.

"I'd say that there is about 150 students who come to the pub regularly," estimates James Parnell. One reason for the low figures might be the size of the pub. "The pub isn't very big, and when it gets crowded, it's crowded. In my end of the year report, which I'm in the process of preparing, I've included a suggestion that the pub be moved to the first floor lounge of the Building 010. It has more space and a better view. But I'm not sure if it is possible." says Parnell.

"In the beginning the pub was really packed. Now that the novelty has worn off, many of the students don't make it part of their routine. The time it's really crowded is the end of the week and when we have special events," comments Melissa MacDonald.

Another reason given by students for not using the pub is time. Many have outside obligations which prevent them from enjoying the pub. Nonetheless, the pub has become the gathering point for many students. James Parnell had said that he even notices groups holding meetings in the pub. "I like to see that going on. One thing we have worked hard to accomplish is to make the pub a place to come, even if you don't want to drink, to be a place you can study sometimes or just mix with people," states Parnell.

Student Paul Bronk feels, "The pub is a good alternative to socializing in the hallways." Rick Joyce has similar opinions. "I think the pub is a nice thing to have. I wish I could come here more, but because of my job I'm unable to." Since the pub does seem to have a regular crowd other students might hesitate going there, but the pub staff is always quick to welcome new faces.

"I think the beauty of the pub is that it brings people together. One thing that the pub does is that it allows people from South Boston and Roxbury to merely sit down, have a few beers together, and get to know each other. I think this type of atmosphere has definitely changed some attitudes, and that is important since UMass/Boston has a reputation for racism," says David Lowney. With all the different groups that use the pub, one might suspect that things would tend

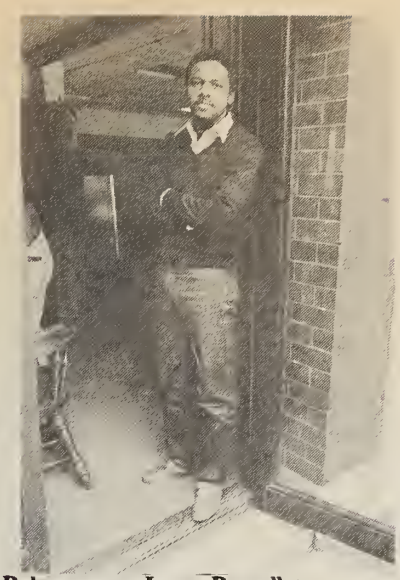
get out of hand, but they do not. "Almost all of the students who come in here know how to conduct themselves. It's very rarely that I have to speak to someone," says Parnell.

The calm, relaxed atmosphere of the pub results in good relations with the campus police. "I get along well with the police. They're here to keep the peace and so am I," states Parnell. Melissa MacDonald comments, "The police don't bother us. I can only remember one time we had to close early, and that was due to fighting on the fourth floor. But that's not to say those people had all been in the pub. There were parties going on upstairs, and the police were afraid some of the people involved might come down to the pub."

Both James Parnell and David Lowney state that the only problem they have is at the pub door, checking ID's. This problem is directly related to the change in the drinking law. The change in the law also necessitated a change in the pub ID system.

"Campus police this past summer informed me that the green pub stickers were invalid because we had sold them to students who were now underage. We couldn't really go to them anymore. The police suggested we try another way of checking age, so I thought of the picture ID, and they accepted that," says Parnell. "As for the price of the ID, it has gone from one dollar up to two dollars. This is to pay for the printing of the ID and to give the pub some profit. Students have expressed feelings about the price, but as James Parnell says, "It's the same as joining any other club on campus, all clubs have dues fee." The dues fee is a small price to pay when you consider that the cost of drinks at the pub are inexpensive.

The prices at the pub, compared with outside commercial bars, are very low. The pub committee wanted to keep prices at an affordable rate for students. When questioned on the prices Parnell said, "I feel the prices are too low, but at the same time we are making a profit, we're not losing money. For the past three semester, I've had to raise the prices a nickel or a dime to deal with inflation. The prices had to change." Even with the price increase the pub is a value with individual drinks ranging from fifty cents to one dollar. Since the prices are low, a person's money goes further, and this in turn allows some students to stay longer. To put it bluntly, for some, the pub is a good place for a cheap drunk. This type of attitude, expressed by an extremely small percentage of pub patrons, is a point of concern for the pub staff.



Stephanie Komanos

Pub manager James Parnell

"One of the reasons for being here," says Parnell, "is so students can stop in during the day, between classes or after to socialize and have a drink. But I don't know if that is good or bad. I guess I'm just old fashioned. Some people might drink to excess, but all I can do is shut them off. I see a lot of the same faces coming in here, but its only a few I worry about and I've spoken to them. I'm a people person, and I like and know many of the students as individuals. I worried for some. I didn't want the pub to add to their problems, personal or whatever, but I can't take the blame . . . they're grownups. But as I said its only a very few individuals."

Melissa MacDonald, who regularly works the bar, shared her feelings about alcohol abuse at the pub. "The people with drinking problems are just that, people with drinking problems. It's only a handful of individuals. Most of the people who drink here know how to drink and handle themselves. That's the only thing that bothers me, it's not the pub, it's a personal thing. It's hard to see people I know have problems, I wonder where my responsibility lies. I have, on occasion, taken people aside and talked to them. I'm not sure if that's right or wrong. I can't refuse to serve people unless they're really drunk but some of the people I've talked to have turned themselves around." As with any place that serves alcohol there are always going to be people that abuse it but the overall view of the pub is that it is a positive addition to student life. The relaxing atmosphere and congenial staff at the pub make it a pleasant oasis from the tensions of academic study.

The management is always trying out new ideas to improve the pub. Several innovations have been the SAC film series (which runs Thursday night), a happy hour, and on special occasions, live music.

Several times during the year the beer companies have come into the pub and conducted promotions where they give away pub mirrors, pub signs, and tickets to sports events. "It's things like these that bring people into the pub, special events. We are constantly looking around and seeing things that could be improved or added and we welcome suggestions from students," says Parnell.

One suggestion voiced by many students is that the pub be opened later. According to Parnell, "It is not possible at this time to remain open later. It would require the hiring of new people for the later hours, and I don't know how many of the night students would have the time to stop in." Melissa MacDonald holds another opinion. "I think that if the pub was open later there would be a real turnover in the crowd." A suggestion from last semester has resulted in a plan for RSO's to rent the pub after hours for their own club functions.

The pub has come a long way from just an idea to a reality, and with this reality it is continually changing and improving for the comfort and enjoyment of the students it serves. As Parnell says, "Each semester the pub has gotten better and better, and I feel that in future, it will continue to do so."

"Tension is the source of progress and the forcing ground of art, and it is when individuals, or the society which they constitute, timorously and weakly abandon their duty to make this tension constructive that disaster ensures."

--Edward A. Armstrong
Bird Display and Behaviour

Steven Eric Emmons

Searching the Sky for Hawks

by Steven Petrie

The graduate students arrived in the late afternoon. Out of the corner of her eye, Sarah caught sight of their two old sedans as, far below, they turned the road up the hill. They trailed fans of dust that refracted the low rays of the sun. The faint sussurus of engines and tires floated up to her seconds later. Sarah stopped working. She listened and the furrow between her eyes deepened as she squinted down the hill. She watched until the cars disappeared beneath the October color of the hillside, until the last of the lurid dust settled. She sniffled in the chilly air and turned back to the firewood.

Sarah did not use only her arms and shoulders to split the wood, as a man might, but her whole body. Each blow of the axe glided up from her ankles as well as slammed down through her forearms: wave motion, power that passed through her, whip-snapped her ponytail but did not fundamentally alter the particles of which she was made. As her muscles re-warmed, the strokes became better-timed and more deliberate. Sweat ran down under her collar. She grinned unconsciously with effort and her front teeth held her lower lip. A distant grey, an overcast, moved into her blue eyes. The firewood was a chore that especially allowed for meditation; the rhythm was easy to get lost in and, more important, it was one of those things she did for herself, for her own survival, not for the benefit of the crowd coming up the hill. It was an equinoctial task affording as much calm thought and introspection as she cared for.

In the shed behind her, pinned out on pine boards or labeled and packed neatly in wooden boxes or floating in Formalin were the remains of the various animals Sarah trapped, cleaned and took occasional descriptive notes on for the University. It had not been an easy thing at first. Now it was uninteresting and nearly mechanical, like any other paying job. She kept the overlap between her and the Biology Department's meat minimal. Her own hunting she did at different times, with different weapons, and as much as possible, in different places. She even disposed of the intestines and other waste in different ways.

By the time her visitor's cars had made it up the hill and edged onto the patch of grass in front of the house, Sarah had finished the day's cutting -- she rationed the task -- and had retired to this, the skin shed. She watched for awhile as they stood around their cars and looked the place over uneasily, as if reliable reports held that it was occasionally radioactive. One of them said something and they all chuckled. Their were four of them, as promised, three unfamiliar men and the woman whom Sarah recognized from Entomology 425 three years ago. Through the dusty window of the shed Sarah saw, as the woman pushed back her hair, that she wore a wedding band now, a highlight like a fish breaking water. None of the men seemed to go with the woman, although Sarah couldn't see their hands. Two of them were bearded and wore flannel shirts. The third leaned against a car and lit a cigarette. When the latter saw Sarah come out of the shed he came forward and made introductions. His name was Bob. His hair and skin were very fair and he seemed taller than he was because he was very thin. He was a little too friendly. Sarah remembered from their letter that he was the technician, the photographer. The two bearded ones were Paul and Eric. Paul's hair was dark and over-long; it ruffled out a bit at the back and sides. When he looked at her -- his eyes were a deep blue -- he did not seem to really look at her and his smile as he shook her hand was inscrutable. He

had a quick, yet smooth way of moving that implied regular athletic activity; a wrestler perhaps, or a basketball player. Eric's name was appropriate: he was a Viking, reddish blonde and almost a head taller than Sarah, which made him 6-5 or 6. He was unable to hide the fact that he felt ill at ease. He smiled overconfidently and too much and returned to unload a car. "And this," Bob began to say, turning to the woman, "but you two already know each other."

"I'm sorry," said Sarah, extending her hand, overly, nervously, gracious, "I don't remember your name." She had liked her, though they had not been more than friendly acquaintances.

"Sharon. Sharon Estes." Her voice was soft. Sharon was trying to lull her. Her voice evoked memories as directly, and as vaguely, as a scent sometimes will. Sarah thought: I remember now, how remarkable this woman is. A genius who memorized polypeptide chains and studied in three languages.

"Of course," Sarah replied, "I'm sorry."

Sarah took them to the kitchen and they sat and stood around while she explained how the outpost was run. "Everything's fairly straightforward -- firewood, stove, outhouse, well." She motioned about the house. "You'll pick it up, I imagine you've all been in similar situations." She looked from face to face. They all looked attentive and bored and still uncomfortable. Although it wasn't her place to do much more than provide a place for them to sleep, and she could without scruple have pitched a tent somewhere for the duration or asked them to do so, she felt a need to reach them, if only out of recluse's protectiveness. Things would be so much safer if they trusted her. Sarah fidgeted mentally.

After what seemed a long silence, Paul pulled a thin sheaf of typewritten paper from his briefcase and dropped it on the table. "Here is the abstract of the project," he said to Sarah. "We're here to study a specific group of raptors, hopefully, the *Buteos*: the Red-tailed and the Red-shouldered. If they're not abundant enough we'll have to come back during the colder weather when the Goshawks return. We'd like to stay within one genus, however, as much as possible."

He was wall-eyed, Sarah realized. He seemed to be looking at a point behind and above her as he talked. She leafed through the typescript. "The Goshawk is rare here, even later in the year. You'll have better luck with the *Buteos*, I think. They don't migrate altogether until the middle of November, and most of the *lineatus*, as I see you're hoping," she waved the abstract, "don't, at all. I've seen one very small flock of *borealis*, Red-tailed."

Paul nodded preemptorily. He seemed to consider this. "If you read that, you'll see that our study involves protein consumption and hunting behaviour as variables of migration."

"You'll also see that your metabolism studies of three years ago laid most of the theoretical groundwork, Sarah," Sharon interjected.

"Yes," Paul continued, and paused. "We'll need to band as many of each species as possible." While still watching the wall behind Sarah, he fished in his shirt pocket, produced a thin yellow plastic tag with some words on it and flipped that onto the table as well. "There's not much we can hope to accomplish in a weekend; if we can observe and band two of each species this time, I'll feel we've done quite a lot." There was murmured assent. Bob lifted an eyebrow. "I'll be looking at protein intake," Paul continued, "Sharon and Eric at behaviour. Bob is here to take pictures."

"Actually, I just came along for the fun of it," Bob interrupted. "My idea of a vacation is freezing my ass off in a photo blind at five a.m."

"Speaking of blinds," Paul said, pulling a topographic map from its protective tube and spreading it on the table, "perhaps you could point out some likely locations for us. We'd like to get started on this before the light fades." Eric came to the table and helped weigh the corners against the map's roll. He smiled uneasily at Sarah and she realized there was a potential in him she didn't trust; independent of liking the man, for the distrust was the same she might feel for a lightening-loosened tree limb or an unfamiliar and complicated device found on the sidewalk. His hand brushed against hers and she jerked hers back instinctively.

The map chanced to cover mostly "her" territory. She asked, "Do you have the next quadrant west?" and it was produced. There was really no need for them; the maps merely confirmed what she already knew; the best spots in the "University's" territory were near the contour lines that represented the broad rise she used as an imaginary boundary and they commanded views of "her" land. While her visitors watched her expectantly, anxious to begin work, she pretended to consider, inwardly shaking off the conviction that what she was about to do was irrevocable. She thought of what she was rendering to whom. "Here, and here," she said, pointing, "are your two best bets. You might try checking further west, along this little ridge, if you want to be spread out more. But I think you'll find that these first two provide the best features. By the way, this map is old: the field is not this big anymore. It extends to about here." She penciled in a faint line. "But it's still quite large -- two miles anyway -- and quite popular with the hawks." She looked up from the table. Eric was looking at her, this time unsmiling. He had absolutely green eyes. He was watching her bemusedly, waiting for something further. It disconcerted her and she stared back at the map. "There's a trail that starts behind the house," she said, "and a branch runs off to the west, about here," tracing a line, "you'll see it. It'll take you near where you want to be, as you can see. Take you about twenty minutes to get there."

Paul nodded again. They hurried to gather knapsacks and other equipment, borrowed Sarah's axe and left. Sarah returned to the skin shed and labeled the bones of a squirrel, finally soaked of their shreds of flesh by a noxious solution. She looked out the back window from time to time, inspecting the hillside quarter from which she expected their return. An hour or so before sunset she stood outside and listened, the crease between her eyebrows deep in concentration. There was no sound. She shrugged unpersuasively and went for her evening walk.

Some three hours later, Sarah returned. The moon was near full and its light on the browned fields looked like frost. At the back of her nostrils Sarah smelled the imminence of snow in the unmoving air. Since early along her walk, when she had heard the voices of her visitors heading back toward the house, there had been no sound or motion save the occasional flutter of a surprised rabbit or a cruising bat, but Sarah knew that these were as it were representative, that all around her were eyes and huntings and matings and burrowings and all sorts of smells she was insensitive to. Birds similar to the ones her guests came to study were only now waking and stretching their silent wings. The Wisconsin autumn night was as alive as a Central American jungle. The peace

Hawk -- to page 43

fishing

by Paul Wright

Stephanie Romanos

It was as though they had entered a tunnel. The air was cool and scented with pine. The path they had been following through the open field became fainter and studded with roots as it entered the woods. The ground they walked on had been made spongy by years of decayed leaves. The boy walked close to the older man, a little intimidated by the darkness the trees caused. In his haste to keep up with the man, he stumbled over a protruding root and went sprawling to the ground.

"Watch your step," said the man as he reached down to help the boy to his feet. "There's a good many ankle-breaking roots along this way. I'd hate to take you back to your mama with a broken ankle."

"I'm alright," answered the boy as he somewhat sheepishly brushed himself off. "How far is it to the pond?"

"Oh I'd say it's about a mile, maybe a mile and a half. It's not far. We've plenty of time to get there before the fish start to rise and look for their evening gorge."

They started off again and the boy tried to keep pace with the man's long, confident strides. As they walked, the boy grew more and more relaxed with the strangeness of the woods and began to ask the man questions about what he saw. He wanted to know what an old stone wall was doing in the forest, and found it hard to believe that the woods he was walking through had at one time been an open field. He asked about a run-down shack that they passed. Everything that he asked was patiently answered by the man. As they continued on, the man pointed out a variety of things that the boy had not noticed; a rotten log that had been overturned by a bear in search of grubs; a spot in the path where a partridge had dusted itself; the droppings of a deer. The boy absorbed it all with a growing fascination. They walked on, aware of unseen animals moving through the leaves on either side of the path.

"Keep that rod tip up or you'll break it off," admonished the man.

The boy was quick to obey. He had been waiting all winter to go fishing with the man. Now that they were on their way, he didn't want anything to spoil the trip. The man had given him the rod to carry when they started out, telling him to be very careful with it because it had been given to him when he was a boy. The boy felt a good deal of pride to be entrusted with it. The man carried a wicker creel slung over his shoulder and a rifle. The boy was not sure why they had brought a rifle, but he had guessed to himself that it was to keep away animals. Now that they were in the woods and had not met any animals, at least any that looked threatening, the boy could not see any reason for the gun and asked the man about it.

"Hopefully I'll get at a kingfisher that's been killing a bunch of fish at that pond," responded the man.

"What's a kingfisher?" the boy wanted to know.

"It's a fair sized, blue colored bird. It's about the size of a jay. It's got a long pointed bill and it spears fish with it."

"Spears fish?" the boy persisted.

"Well, it sits in a tree beside the water. And when a fish comes near the surface, it swoops down from its perch and spears it. It's a nuisance bird because at times it seems as though it kills merely for the sake of killing. Last time I was at the pond, there must have been at least six or seven fish floating belly up with holes in their sides. The damn birds can clean out an entire pond if you give then half a chance."

The boy asked no more questions about the kingfisher because he could tell from the man's tone of voice that it made him angry to talk about the bird.

They walked on in companionable silence for a time. The boy thought about what the man had said, and decided that it was right for them to try and kill the kingfisher. After all he reasoned, the trout were there to be caught by people and not birds.

The path they had been following opened into a clearing. The man stopped, cocked his head to one side and listened.

"Hear that?" he asked after a minute.

"Hear what?"

"That whistling sound."

The boy listened intently and suddenly he heard it. It sounded to him as if someone was calling a dog. "What is it? he asked.

"That's a hawk. You don't hear their call very often these days. Too many

people around. They go after chickens so that farmers shoot them whenever they get a chance."

The boy felt confused listening to the man. Not by what the man said, but in the way that he said it. He sounded sad about the hawks being killed. Yet they were going to try and kill another kind of bird that was doing pretty much what the hawk was doing. It made no sense to the boy. But after thinking about it for a minute, he figured that the man knew what was right. There were probably a lot more kingfishers around than hawks anyway, he reasoned.

The man abruptly left the path they had been following and started off through the woods. The boy followed behind him, noticing axe marks on a few of the trees.

"What are those mark?" he asked.

"They're called blazes. They mark the trail to the pond. A person can't see them from the other path unless they know what to look for. I don't want everyone to know where the pond is. We have to be quiet now. We're almost there. If that kingfisher's there I don't want to scare him off."

They came to the top of a small rise and below them was the pond. The woods that surrounded them sloped gently to the water's edge. On the other side of the pond was an open field that was bounded by more woods on its far side. A small stream flowed into the pond at one end, and at the other, an old stone spillway formed a small waterfall. The surface of the water was a mirror smooth, and as they watched, a trout jumped, sending ripples to the water's edge.

"Well it looks like he isn't around," said the man, breaking the silence and starting down toward the water. The boy slid down the embankment after the man and almost tumbled into the water before he stopped himself. They walked along the water's edge until they came to a field where the man laid the gun in the grass.

"It's time for you to learn the fine art of fly fishing," said the man as he took the rod from the boy. "You watch what I do for awhile and then I'll let you try it."

The boy sat back in the grass and watched as the man began to unwind line from the reel. When he had gathered a line length in his hand, he began to wave the rod back and forth over his head letting out the line a little at a time. It looked to the boy as if the man was whipping the air as the line snaked out across the water. With a final flick of his wrist, he laid the line gently on the water and began retrieving it slowly by hand. When he had gathered in several feet of line, he flicked his wrist again and the line lifted off the water, arched back over his head, and just as suddenly shot back out over the pond and came to rest a few feet from where a trout had broken the surface. With a sudden jerk of the pole, the line grew taut and a fish jumped twisting out of the water.

"You got one!" cried the boy coming to his feet. "Look at him fight."

There was a smile on the man's face as he played the fish. "Now make sure to keep the line tight if you hook one. That way he can't snap the leader if he jumps. Keep the tip of the pole up. That keeps pressure on him and tires him out." Slowly the man reeled in the fish. When he had it near the shore, the boy looked into the water and could see it swimming back and forth just below the surface. As he watched, it gave a last furious leap and broke from the water. The sunlight caused the dazzling red and green colors of its body to sparkle. The man reeled the fish to shore and knelt at the water's edge to hold it as he unhooked the fly.

"About fourteen inches," he said holding the fish up. "Not bad. Not bad at all." He laid the fish on the ground where it flopped around, its gills gasping as he straightened out his tackle. The man picked up the quivering body again and as the boy watched, he snapped its backbone with a pop. "Always put a fish or an animal out of its misery if you catch or shoot them."

The boy turned with a mixture of fascination and horror. The fish had been both beautiful and exciting to watch as it fought the hook. But now that it lay dead in the grass beside him, it was only a cold, slimey lump. When he turned to look at it again, even the colors of its body, which had been so brilliant in the sun, were fading in intensity.

"Now it's your turn," said the man as he handed the rod to the boy.

The boy took the rod and slowly tried to imitate what he had seen the man do. He whipped the line back over his head, but when he tried to bring it forward again it caught on the grass behind him. The man chuckled and untangled the line.

"Don't use so much line. Start with a little and build it up. Keep the pole high. Extend your arm as much as you can and keep it straight."

The boy did as he was instructed and the line floated out across the water in a lazy arc.

"Not too bad for the first try," commented the man. "Do it again."

The boy repeated the cast and this time the line landed in a coil about five feet from shore.

"Keep at it. It takes awhile to get the hang of it. I'm going up the stream to have a look at the spawning pools. Maybe I'll find a kingfisher up there. I'll be back in a little while to check on your progress. I expect to find lots of trout in the grass here. Just remember to keep that arm straight and the rod tip up."

The boy watched the man until he disappeared in the underbrush beside the stream. He turned back to the pond in time to see a large fish jump not more than twenty feet away from where he was standing. He tried casting in that direction and the fly landed a few feet from the widening circle of ripples. He slowly brought the line back as he had seen the man do it. He felt a tug on the line and pulled hard. For a moment nothing happened and he thought that the line was caught on a submerged limb. Then with a tremendous leap that startled him, the fish that he had hooked burst from the water.

The reel screamed as line was stripped from it. He held his breath wondering if the fish would take all the line and he would lose it. As suddenly as the line had started going out, it stopped. He tried retrieving some of the lost line. Nothing. It was as though there was a weight attached to the end of the line. He was barely able to turn the reel crank. He waited. The fish jumped again farther out in the pond. He tried reeling and was able to bring in a few feet. He waited. He wondered what the fish was feeling. Was it scared, as the boy now realized he was scared? He suddenly did not want to catch the fish. There was another heavy pull on the line, and the fish soared clear of the water twisting and shaking its head in an attempt to throw the hook. The boy did not try reeling again. He waited and hoped that the fish would break the line. Still the fish fought and the boy did nothing. After a minute or two, he decided to try and land the fish, if he was able to, and let it go.

For ten minutes the boy and the fish fought. Tears began to run down his cheeks. He talked aloud to the fish trying to communicate the fact that he would let it go if only he could get it to shore. His arms ached as he reeled in line only to see it stripped away by the fish as it

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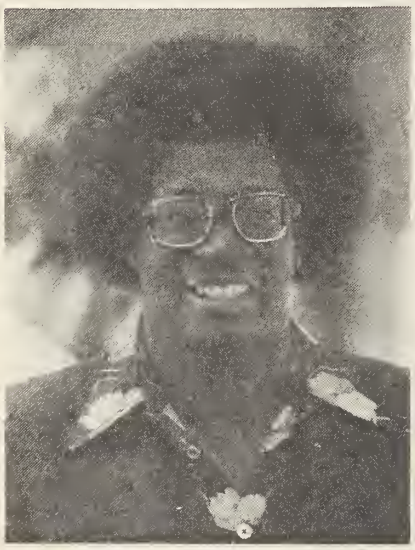
Tenure -- from page 5

defined.Thus inadequacies occur even in the same year from case to case. He feels candidates should be informed three or four years in advance exactly what is going to be expected from them, and that those expectations remain valid.

Besides quantity of scholarship, "quality" is also judged. Quality, however, is usually determined by the journal or publishing house which publishes the work. This leads to a conservative approach to the field. Work published in "mainstream journals," the most traditional organs of the discipline, are given more weight than articles published in lesser known journals. Thus, a scholar who publishes in *Radical Teacher* is handicapped. Because a scholar may have a non-traditional approach or a non-mainstream political philosophy, her or his work may be given less weight at a tenure review.

This problem also applies to third world and minority scholars. Journals which specialize in black studies or women's issues, because they are not "mainstream", carry less prestige. Several years ago, Janet Cohen who is no longer at UMass, was denied tenure at the dean's level because her field of research was "too narrow." She studies sex roles, something everyone has. This kind of institutional racism and sexism is something black and women candidates have to suffer through tenure procedures. As a black woman, Marcia Lloyd feels her case involves these elements.



Octavio Ramirez

There is irony stemming from UMass/Boston's youthfulness. When we opened fifteen years ago and up until the early 70's, tenure was relatively easy to get. It was little more than a rubber stamp procedure . Because the standards have increased so much in the last five years, those who are in a position to be sitting in judgement of today's candidates are often turning away scholars and teachers whose academic credentials far exceed their own.

"Those who are in judgement of today's candidates are often turning away scholars whose academic credentials far exceed their own."

This disparity was graphically illustrated in a recent incident before the Collegiate Personnel Committee. The CPC was evaluating a tenure case when a group of faculty from the candidate's department burst into the meeti ng and declared the candidate unfit because he had not published in a certain mainstream journal. A member of the CPC then asked if any of the irate faculty, most of whom are tenured, had published in this journal. None of them had.

But scholarship is only part of the review process. Teaching is another major factor. And it is commonly agreed among faculty that teaching is not given enough importance in the tenure process. One professor commented that teaching, and preparing for teaching, is what she does 90 percent of the time. Scholarship is done during vacationsand, if the professor is exceptional at budgeting time, on weekends. UMass/Boston is a teaching university; it is not a Harvard that can afford the luxury of hiring a scholar to teach one graduate course per semester while doing research the rest of the time.

History Professor Frank Broderick, a former chancellor of UMass/Boston, feels the reason that teaching is neglected in the evaulation process is because "teaching is hard to evaluate on qualitative grounds, but publishing is a clear, unequivocal measure of strength or excellence."

Evidence for teaching comes mainly from student evaluation forms which are compiled at the end of each semester. Since the forms are not standardized and because there are such large quantities, they can be misused. Larry Blum of the Philosophy department sees this as a serious problem. "The dean (Riccards) has challenged evidence of teaching more strongly. The teaching standards are very elastic."

In addition to teaching evaluation forms, letters from students are a standard part of the candidates file. Blum feels, however, "The dean doesn't take letters and evaluations very seriously. The dean feels students are too generous."

Since a professor's main job is to teach, especially at UMass/Boston, this attitude is damaging to the students. Whether the reason is lack of respect for students or confusion over how to judge the candidate's teaching, the result is the same. A good scholar is not necessarily a good teacher. If teaching skill is the poor cousin of scholarship, you run the risk of lowering the effectiveness of the education offered to students.

Conclusion

One of the concerns in curent tenure decisions is the way standards are applied to the candidate's work. Many faculty feel the criteria for judging teaching, scholarship and service are too vague and that they differ from department to department and from year to year.

The problems with tenure are not going to go away, but there are not really any concrete alternatives. It is obvious the evaluation of standards must be reassessed and somehow rendered more valid. Most importantly, the lack of emphasis placed on teaching must be changed. The system should be able to allow new blood into the faculty instead of the formation of a stagnant body of tenured professors and a constantly changing pool of part-timers. And there should be some way to keep those who have tenure responsible to the students and their colleagues. Many of the faculty feel there are problems with the system but the attitude is one of "Sure change it, but after I've got it." But the underlying question is still: Are the tenured faculty taking advantage of the principles it defends or the luxury it provides?

Pension -- from page 13

always finished in the morning, now they made him do odd jobs too.

Now, after eight years of cleaning floors and counting nuts and bolts and taping pipe, it was all over tomorrow. Hank leaned back and closed his eyes. It was so nice this way. No one yelling at him. No noise. Tomorrow night he'd be sitting there rocking, relaxing, knowing that he didn't have to get up for work in the morning. One more day . . . Hank's head nodded.

Loud voices awoke him. Three doors down, at the bottom of the hill, one of the kids was screaming at the car. He punctuated his curses with running kicks at the fenders and doors. His friend stood off at a safe distance.

"You wasted your money, Bobby," he yelled to his friend. "I could of told you. Thing's too old to run."

Bobby shook his fist at the car. "Sonuvabitch!" he screamed. "Worthless piece of shit!"

Bobby ran around to the open trunk and pulled out a tire iron. He kicked in the tail lights and smashed the windows. Then he threw the tire iron through the windshield. Glass rained on to the street.

Hank went up when he heard the sirens coming. He went into the house and turned into the first room. Edna was sitting on the old sofa reading the Bible. The room was dark except for her reading lamp. Hank crossed the room and turned on the TV. The blue-green light illuminated the bare walls.

Hank sat on a hard-backed chair which faced the side windows. Through the frayed gauze curtains he could see the blue light of the patrol car reflecting on the rowhouse across the alley.

Edna looked up and followed his eyes. "What's going on out there, Hank?"

"Some fool kid busted up his car. Thing looked like a shitbox anyways."

"You watch your mouth. I want none of your foul talk in my home." She raised her eyes to the crucifix on the wall behind the TV.

Hank rubbed his face. "Cars are nothing but trouble anyways. Can't see why kids are so hot for them nowadays. Just a waste of money, the way they're always breaking down. When I was their age I had to work to help out at home. Couldn't afford no cars back then."

Edna shut her book and closed her eyes. "When you gonna learn complaining don't get you nowhere?"

Hank shook his head. "Nothing but trouble."

"You're tired. Go to bed and let me alone."

Hank shifted in his chair. He reached for his pipe, but remembered it was empty. He swatted the air. "I'm out of tobacco. When you gonna buy some more?"

Edna had opened her Bible again, but now she slammed it shut. "Now you listen to me, Hank, and you listen good, cause I ain't gonna tell you this again. You wanna smoke all the time, you go find yourself another job so we can afford it. Cause there's no way we're gonna be able to just on your social security check. Now quit belly aching. The Lord's asked for bigger sacrifices than giving up tobacco, you know."

Hank slouched in his chair. "It ain't fair. A man works and works and works all his life and then when it comes time to take it easy his wife tells him he can't even have a smoke now and then."

Edna's eyes widened. She stood up and crossed her arms. "Don't you talk to me about fair, Hank Johnson. Don't you dare. I won't hear it. Not from you."

Hank had heard it before. He stopped listening and watched a beautiful girl shake her ass across the TV screen. Edna scurried across the room and clicked the set off.

"And don't think you're gonna sit around all day and watch that filthy garbage. Bad enough you'll probably be doing nothing but lying around drinking beer with Johnny. Don't know what you see in that bum."

Hank covered his eyes and wished it would all go away. He stood up. "I'm going to bed."

"Take out the trash first. And don't forget to brush your teeth."

Hank carried the trash bag out the front door and across the street, where he dropped it against an overflowing dumpster in a vacant lot. Many of the bags had busted or been torn open, exposing beer bottles and tonic cans, milk cartons, vegetable peelings, cat litter, slime, garbage. A skinny mutt which had fled at Hank's approach slinked back to inspect the latest offerings.

Hank stopped halfway back up the steps and looked down the street. All was quiet now. A cop leaned on his patrol car and ignored the static coming over his radio. Bare chested men sat on a cement wall and drank beer. The battered car was still there. Beads of glass which were strewn across the street sparkled in the night.

Hank looked up at the moon hovering above the dead tree atop the hill. Stars twinkled in the cloudless sky. Hank surveyed the street again. Another street light had burnt out.

He went back into the house. Edna was still reading. He walked down the hall to the bathroom, and washed up and brushed his teeth. A cockroach skittered across the wall. Hank didn't even try to kill it. They were always too fast for him.

When he went to bed he grabbed Edna's pillow and put it atop his own. She'd probably be sleeping in the living room again. Her and her damn Bible. Let her use that for a pillow.

The room was hot. He got up and tied back the curtains, but it didn't help. He lay there sweating. It had been hot all day and Hank had been hoping for a break. He could take the heat if it weren't for the aggravation. He couldn't figure out what had happened to Edna. They were happy when they got married. But it had all been downhill from there. Maybe they should of had kids. He didn't know. She was never nice to him anymore. She blamed him for everything. Like it had been his fault he'd gotten sick and then hurt and was always out of work. Acting like he'd wanted to move to this part of town. He didn't like it anymore than she did. And now this religion stuff. Maybe all that church talk made it easier for her, but sure as hell didn't help him much, not with all her praying and church-going leaving no time for him. It was all a pain in the ass.

He might as well be at work. Hank could see the pipe yard in his mind: the rows of gleaming pipe, the forklifts rumbling through the yard; he could taste the dust in the air and smell the stench of hot tar. He heard Sal yelling at him again . . . memories moved like shadows along the walls.

It was all over tomorrow. Nine hours, punch the clock, and its over. Forty-five years. Where did they all go? Hank had always dreamed of retiring. "Ain't gonna do nothing but eat and sleep and drink and take it easy," he used to say. Only now it was here and Edna was telling he had to smoke less and drink less and they couldn't afford to buy steak or get him that little dog he'd always wanted. She said they couldn't afford none of it.

No, no, no! It wasn't gonna be that way. Not if he could help it. The company owed him. They did. He'd voted against the union and now it was their turn to help him. They'd better.

He tried to figure out the new budget Edna had showed him the other night.

But the numbers all added up to nothing. They just made him tired. Just before he fell asleep he said a small prayer. "Please," he whispered, "please . . . " He wondered if anybody heard him.

* * *

The alarm.

The alarm was ringing.

Hank rolled over and turned the bedside lamp on and off, on and off. The alarm kept ringing. He knocked over an ashtray. Then he realized it was the clock and shut it off.

He sat on the side of the bed and rubbed his eyes. Sunlight filled the room. Hank shook his head. He'd been dreaming that he was trying to run. He couldn't remember getting anywhere. He felt tired.

He put on his work pants and went into the kitchen. While the coffee brewed he made a lunch of two bologna and cheese sandwiches and two oranges. When the coffee was ready he drank the first cup black. Hank looked at the clock. He had fifteen more minutes. Plenty of time. He didn't even have to go in. Last day, what the hell, who cared? No one. He might as well stay home. He'd show them.

Hank drank a second cup of coffee, this time with milk and sugar, and then washed up. He went back to the bedroom and finished dressing. Looking in the mirror, Hank fixed his collar. He looked as good as ever. He smoothed the creases in his uniform and tried to straighten up, but his back hurt too much.

Hank went into the kitchen and grabbed his lunch. On his way out he peeked into the living room, Edna was asleep in the chair. Her mouth was open and her gnarled hair hung in tangles below her ears. Her old clothes were wrinkled from being slept in. Hank wished he could afford to buy her some new ones. When she was young she'd liked to buy clothes. Maybe it would make her happy again. He went out the door.

He walked towards the hill. The wreck was still there. Hank listened to the tires crunch over glass as cars zipped back and forth.

The hill seemed harder to climb every morning. Jack, the shop foreman, was already waiting at the top in his station wagon. Hank got in.

"Good morning there, Hank."

"What's so good about it?"

Jack chuckled. "If I were you, Hank, I'd be singing like a bird."

Hank grunted and crossed his arms. "Just another day."

They stopped at Marge's Coffee Shop. Hank went in and filled three large coffees at the self-serve counter. While waiting in line he eyed the blond cashier. Hank had never spoken to her before. He smiled as he paid for the coffee with money Jack had given him.

"It's my last day today. I'm retiring."

"That's nice." She smiled back. Here's your change."

Hank hurried back to the car. He sipped his coffee and watched the road while Jack sang along with the radio. They passed the brick projects and the rowhouses and the three-deckers. Belchton was waking up. Men in green uniforms, men in blue uniforms, young guys in t-shirts and jeans, all going to work. Women in white uniforms and factory girls in tank tops waited for the buses. Sharp-dressed beauties in another new dress clattered down the sidewalks in their heels and started their Camaros. Engines started. Brakes squealed. Horns beeped. Radios filled the air with music and news and the Sox score. The roads filled and the coffee shops filled. The lines at the traffic lights grew longer and the sun rose higher and Belchton went to work.

"I'm gonna miss this."

"Whattaya mean, Hank? You ain't gonna miss this a bit. You'll be sleeping later than a cat and having sweet dreams while us miserable bastards are fighting the traffic." Jack laughed and resumed his singing.

They stopped in front of a peeling yellow apartment building. Jack beeped the horn twice.

"Let's go, Moose!" he yelled.

On the third beep a bald, muscled giant of a boy vaulted over the porch railing. He sprawled into the backseat, then leaned over and rubbed Hank's hair.

"Sorry I'm late, Jack. Had to feed the cat. Whattaya say there, Hank kid? Last day, huh? I bet your heart's breaking. Let me see that coffee. That's my man."

Moose tore the lid off and drank the coffee in three gulps. "Whew, that's terrible shit, Hank. What you do, shave with it?"

Han chuckled. "You wise bastard."

"Hey, I'm serious. I'd rather eat this cup than drink that shit." Moose crammed the styro-foam cup into his mouth, chewed, and swallowed.

"I'm wild, alive, and ready to go," he told Hank.

"It's Friday," sang Jack.

They were all laughing when they turned into the industrial park. Most of the buildings were old, weather-beaten brick structures. Quaker Pipe Company sat between the railroad yard and the only stretch of trees in the industrial park. A chain-link fence divided it from its neighbors. The blue and white aluminum shop and smokehouse shone in the early sunlight.

Hank punched his time card and went into the lunchroom, where he slumped onto the picnic table bench. He leaned over and put his lunch in the refrigerator. Putting his head against the wall, he closed his eyes.

He heard the compressor whine into motion. It was time to work. He got up and walked across the machine shop. Sal, the superintendent, was already walking out into the yard. Hank chased after him.

"Hey, there, Sal!"

Sal was short and fat. A golf-cap covered his crew-cut head. He rubbed his belly while waiting for Hank to catch up.

"What's the problem, what's the problem?"

"Whattaya want me to do?"

"Look, Hank, I don't got time for this shit. My boys are waiting for me. Go clean the fucking place like you always do." Sal crossed his thick arms and stared at Hank. "Don't think you're gonna fuck off just cause its your last day, pal."

"Oh, no, Sal, wasn't even thinking of it."

Hank went back into the lunchroom and sat down. He hated this. He'd cleaned the shop and all yesterday and the day before. The place didn't need it three days in a row. Sal always had to bust his balls. Hank listened to the steady pounding of the machines. The time passed slowly. He closed his eyes, but that didn't stop the noise. He got up and went into the locker room.

Hank opened his locker, took out his five clean uniforms, and folded them neatly. He took a trash bag out of his janitor's locker and put the uniforms inside the bag. He put the bag on a chair and sat down. He planned on taking the uniforms home to keep. He had them so long they felt like his own. He hoped the company would let him. They could afford to. They had plenty of money. It would save him from having to buy new clothes.

Hank sat there and cleaned his fingernails with his teeth until coffee break. He bought two donuts and a coffee from the canteen truck, and ate alone in the lun-

chroom.

After coffee Sal came in and told him to go count nuts and bolts. Hank walked out into the yard, past the smelly smokehouse where they dipped pipe into hot tar, and over to an old trailer which had been converted into a storage shed. He sat inside on a wooden barrel and counted nuts and bolts, fifty of each, into white bags with draw strings. He tied the bags and tossed them into an empty barrel. Hank didn't mind this job. His back got sore, but counting kept his mind occupied. The time passed quickly. He hardly noticed the fork-lifts rumbling by outside.

Moose stuck his head in the door. "Hey, Hank, lunch time!"

They walked up to the shop together. Moose was covered with dirt and his shaved head glistened with sweat. Hank envied him. He wished he were young again and could work with the guys in the yard and shave his head as a joke and not worry about anything.

"You counting down the hours, Hank?"

Nah. Funny, now that it's time I don't want to retire. Wish I had a choice. Makes me feel old to be told they don't need me no more."

"C'mon, Hank, who you shitting?" Moose put his arm around Hank's shoulders. "Come Monday you'll be sitting on the porch drinking a beer and smiling when you think of us busting our asses in this dump. You ain't gonna miss nothing."

"Sure, sure. Whatever you say, Moose."

Hank ate alone in the lunchroom. All the young guys went out and drank beers and smoked their dope every day during lunch. The rest of the crew ate over by Jack's desk and cut farts at each other and bad-mouthed anyone who wasn't there. Hank was happy in the lunchroom, alone with his sandwiches and orange and the deep blue walls. Lunch was the most peaceful time of his day.

He punched in for work five minutes early and walked across the shop to Jack's desk.

"There he is!"

"Where you been hiding, party boy?"

"Hey, Hank, Sal's looking for you. He wants to give you a kiss good-bye."

Hank stuck his hands in his pockets and smiled. "Fuck Sal. He can kiss my ass."

That was always good for a laugh. Hank sat beside the rolling machine and listened to the guys talk about their car problems and the latest Sal story. The young guys came back from their cars and lined up to punch in. They were all laughing loudly. Sal came marching out of the office.

"Let's go!" he bellowed.

The crew scattered to their machines or hustled out after Sal. Machines cranked up and resumed their monotonous pounding. Hank took his time going back to the shed. The sun was high in the cloudless sky. A butterfly fluttered across the expanse of tar between the shop and the smokehouse. Forklifts roared far back in the yard, out of Hank's sight behind the tall stacks of pipe.

It was very hot in the shed. Hank counted a couple of bags full and then dozed off. The canteen truck's horn woke him up for the afternoon break. Hank was surprised he'd slept so long and relieved that Sal hadn't caught him asleep. Hank had brought his other orange with him, so he sat on a pipe outside the shed and let the sun burn through his shirt.

Sal came over to see him after break. "Look, Hank, we're going to have a little going away party for you around three, but if we're going to knock off early we got a lot to do. Do me a favor and fill the basket with twelve inch bands so we can coat them first thing in the morning, okay?"

"Sure, Sal, whatever you say."

Sal patted him on the back. "You're a good man, Hank. I'm gonna miss having you around."

Hank walked out into the yard. Maybe Sal wasn't so bad after all. The sun reflected off the stacks of pipe and blinded him. He covered his eyes and looked over the pallets of bands. He picked up two of the u-shaped pieces of steel and put them together so they made a circle. Looked like twelve inch to him. The bands were stacked in piles of twenty or so. Hank separated them and threw them into the wire mesh basket.

When he was finished he sat on the basket's rim and shaded his eyes from the sun. His shirt stuck to his back. He saw Moose approaching from the back end of the yard.

"What's happening, Hank? Sal got you going right up to the last minute, huh?"

"Its nothing. Just have to fill the basket with twelve inch bands. I'm all set."

Moose picked a band out of the basket. "I hate to tell you, Hank, but these are fifteen inch. C'mon, I'll help you change them before Sal finds out. Don't want him screaming at you on your last day, do you?"

They emptied the basket and were filling again when Sal drove up in his golf cart. He parked the cart and walked over. "What's going on here. You don't got that done yet, Hank?"

Hank rubbed the back of his neck. "I put the wrong ones in, Sal. Sorry."

"You did what?" Sal's face reddened. "You put in the wrong size?"

Moose paused in his work. "It's no problem, Sal. We're all set."

"You stupid sonuvabitch!" Sal screamed. He picked up a band and slammed it on the ground. It bounced off the dirt and hit Hank on the knee.

"What's wrong with you, you worthless piece of shit!" Sal eyes were bulging. "You been here fourteen fucking years and you still can't do nothing right. Jesus, am I glad I don't got to put up with your shit anymore."

Moose straightened up. "Calm down, Sal."

"You shut the fuck up, sonny. I give the orders around here."

Moose took one stride and grabbed Sal by his shirt. Sal had to stand on his toes. Moose's arm shook. "You don't talk to me like that, Sal. And you don't talk to Hank like that. What the fuck you think we are, animals or something?"

Sal's eyes blinked rapidly. "Alright, Moose, alright. I didn't mean no harm. Put me down, huh."

Hank put his arm on Moose's bulging bicep. "C'mon, Moose. Let him go."

Moose let go. Sal backed up. "You surprised me there, Moose. I thought I knew you better than that." Sal sat in his golf cart. "But if you wanna fuck around and mess with me, then watch it."

Moose spit into the dirt. "You better watch it."

Sal tugged at his cap. "Oh, yeah. We'll see about that. Don't either of you fuckers come in until that basket's filled, you hear?"

Hank rubbed his knee while Sal drove off. "You shouldn't of done that, Moose."

"Ah, fuck him, Hank, sometimes I get so tired of his shit. Don't know how you took it for so long."

They went back to their work. The forklifts bounced by on their way to the shop. The yard crew was hanging on to the sides of the lifts. They all waved and yelled at Hank and Moose.

Hank put his hand on his hip and straightened up. The yard was quiet now. Birds chirped in the trees beyond the fence. Seagulls circled overhead as they strayed from dump to dump. The sun hovered over the towers of a distant fac-

tory. Moose threw in the last band.

They walked up to the shop. Through the front fence, Hank could see the guys going to their cars and dr iving away. They all had beers. Some of the younger guys raised their bottle to Hank and Moose and beeped their horns.

Hank couldn't understand it. What about the party? It would be just like those guys to take their beer and leave. Maybe he'd kept to himself all these years, but at least they could of hung around long enough for a handshake. Bunch of bums, that's all they were.

Hank and Moose walked into the shop. It was still and empty, and smelled of grease and sweat. Jack alone at his desk. He stuck a cigarette in to his mouth and shook his head as they approached.

"You fucked up good this time, Moose. What you do, stick a pipe up his ass?"

Moose shook his head slowly. "Nah. I just grabbed him for a minute. Sometimes he just pisses me off. Where'd everybody go?"

"Sal came tear-assing in here and told me to give everyone a beer and sent them home early. Then he took off himself. He said for you to take a week off. Next time you screw up though, he says he's giving you the pension plan. You're lucky, pal. If you weren't such a goddamn bull out in the yard he'd of canned you today."

Moose laughed. "Hey, he's breaking my heart, you know? I can take a week at the beach."

Jack turned to Hank. "Mr. Sokum wants to see you in his office."

"What I do?"

Jack chuckled. "Nothing, Hank, relax. He probably wants to say good-bye. Give the cheap bastard a kiss for me, will you. We'll wait out in the car for you."

Moose slapped Hank on the back. "Don't bend over in there, Hank, or he might try to pork you."

Hank walked into the front office. He wiped his feet before stepping on the wall to wall carpet. A secretary he didn't know told him that Mr. Sokum was waiting for Hank in his office.

"Come in, Hank, come in. Close the door behind you. Have a seat, have a seat." Mr. Sokum walked around from behind his desk and shook Hank's hand. "What are you having?" How about some Scotch? There you go."

He raised his glass to Hank. "Here's to all the good times, old buddy."

Mr. Sokum sat down behind his desk. The Scotch burned Hank's throat. He lost his breath and coughed.

"Take it easy there, Hank. We'd hate to have you die on us." Mr. Sokum leaned back and laughed. "At least they couldn't say the job killed you."

The phone rang. Mr. Sokum answered it. "What? Who? Oh, all right, tell him to hold for a minute. I'll be right with him."

He stood up and brushed the lint off his three piece suit. "Well, Hank, I hate to cut our little party short, but you know how it is. Business is business, right?"

He took Hank by the elbow and led him to the door. "Sorry to see you leave, Hank, you've been an asset to the company. We'll miss you."

Mr. Sokum pulled a white envelope out of his pocket and gave it to Hank. "Here's a little something, Hank. A token of our esteem. No, no, don't open it here. Save it for when you get home with the wife. There you go. Keep in touch. Bye-bye."

Hank heard the door close behind him as he crossed the front office. He felt dizzy. He remembered the envelope in his hand. As he walked out to the car he held it in the air and peered at it. How much was it?

He got into the front seat. Jack handed him a beer.

Moose leaned over from the back. "Whattaya got there, Hank? A little gift from the man? Open it up."

Hank opened the envelope and took out three checks. There was a little note clipped to each one. Hank shook his head at the words. "Here, Moose, read them to me."

"Okay, hold my beer for me." Moose took the checks. "Stop the car, Jack, I'm going to Mexico. Okay, here we go. The first one says 'weekly paycheck for the week of seven-twenty-seventy-nine.' " He handed it to Hank.

"Second one says 'two weeks vacation pay for the year nineteen seventy nine.' " He handed that check to Hank.

"You had that coming," said Jack.

Hank beamed. "What's the last one say?"

" 'For years of . . . uhh, what's this word? Covetous? Yeah, 'for years of covetous service.' " Moose wrinkled his forehead and shook his head. He gave the check to Hank.

Hank read the numbers. Five hundred dollars. Something caught in his throat. Fourteen fucking years and they give him five hundred dollars. He felt like he was choking. That wouldn't last a year. That wouldn't last two months. Jesus Christ Almighty.

"They sure gave you the pension plan, huh Hank?" Moose punched the back of the seat. "The last of the big spenders. That's a real fucking gift, Hank. A real fucking --"

"Shut up, Moose," said Jack.

Hank drank his beer. His stomach turned over. Moose was quiet till they reached his apartment and he'd gotten out of the car. He shook Hank's hand through the open window. "Fuck'em, Hank, who needs them anyways, right? You don't want nothing from those bums. The only firend you got is yourself. Well, you take it easy now. Don't go getting all worked up about the pretty girls walking down the street. I'll call you in a week, Jack."

Hank shielded his eyes from the sun as Jack maneuvered through the narrow streets. Hank rubbed his fingers together. What did he expect? He should of known better. He felt old and used. Well, he knew one thing; he sure wasn't gonna tell Edna about the five hundred. Let her yell. It was his money. Maybe he'd buy some tobacco with it, or buy a little dog to keep him company.

Jack let Hank off at the top of the hill. They shook hands. Then Hank remembered his uniforms. "Hey, Jack, I left my uniforms back in the locker room."

"No problem, Hank. I already turned them in for you. Sal said you can keep the pair you got on. He said don't say he never gave you nothing."

Jack raised his beer to Hank. "You take care of yourself. Don't go wasting all that money on beer. Make sure you save some. I'll stop by sometime and say hello."

He drove away.

Hank was alone.

He walked down the hill. The asphalt was hot on his feet. The street below lay dead in the heat. The decaying houses looked blistered in the sun. Young mothers with bloated faces and red eyes stared at him as he walked by. Little kids in torn pants or diapers sat on the curb and watched him with empty eyes. A little blond boy, his face smeared with dirt, beat on a row of metal trash barrels with a broken baseball bat.

"Where you going, pal?" he taunted Hank. "Where you going?"

The smashed up car was still sitting at the bottom of the hill. Hank plodded up the front steps to his apartment. The front door was open. The hallway was dark, darker than the shaded porch. Edna dozed in the living room. Hank went into the kitchen and opened the refrigerator. He took out the last beer and went out to the porch. He sat on the top step and opened the bottle.

"Hey, Hank old boy, there you are."

Johnny crossed the street and looked up at Hank from the bottom of the steps. "Hey, hey, whattaya say there, Hank. Ready to start the new life? Get out a beer and I'll help you break in."

Hank squinted at him. "How come you never wash that uniform?"

Johnny pulled at the baggy pants. "This thing? What the hell for? It's all worn out. Matter of fact, I was thinking of cutting them into shorts. Hey, let's sit down and drink a cold one and we can fan ourselves with your bonus check."

"There ain't no check. And I don't got no more beer. Why don't you buy your own?"

"Johnny's smile wavered. "Ah, come on, Hank you know how it is." He rubbed his balding head and swung his foot at the steps. "You know I can't afford it."

"Well, I can't either, so you'll have to find someone else to bum off of."

Johnny blinked rapidly. "Ah, come off it, Hank. I wasn't bumming nothing. I thought we were friends."

"Only friend I got is myself."

"Yeah, well, if that's how you feel, then fuck you. Just cause the company stuck it to you don't mean I got to eat your shit. I ain't the one who screwed you."

Johnny started to walk away. He stopped and turned to look at Hank. "You're just feeling pissed off. You'll feel differently tomorrow."

"Maybe," Hank said.
Looking up at the brilliant sunlight, he sipped his beer and waited for the sun to set.

An Ancient Flask

Uncork an ancient flask
And find the ocean at your back
Sailing away from Brendiziport to Athenaport
The warm breezes caressing face and hair.
Sniff the salty night air
And gaze the crystal sky
As it melts into a sultry day on the Plaka
Urns — Shawls — Leatherbags
Feet fly to the sands of ocean charcoal blue
Onto a pedal boat spinning
Fast splashes by legs of muscular bronze.
Radiant sun fading into lamp light
Shining shadows swaying the Grape Vine
Between plates of watermelon and Retsina wine
Into the dawn
Eyes resting upon
An ancient flask.

Suzanne Reed

Fishing . . . . . .

charged off across the pond. At last, the boy was able to reel in more line than the fish took away. He sensed that the fish was tiring and increased his efforts. The fish gave a last desultory leap near the shore and the boy brought it in.

The fish lay on its side in the shallow water as the boy reached for it. It did not struggle when he grasped it gently. The fly was hooked through the lip, and the barb protruded from the fish's eye. Its gills opened and shut feebly as the boy worked to free the hook. His eyes were blurred and his hands were slippery as he worked feverishly. The fish slipped from his hands and landed in the mud. He picked it up and worked with the hook some more. Blood began to ooze from the gills just as he worked the hook loose. He laid the fish back in the water and waited for it to swim off.

"Please swim," he cried. "I didn't really want to catch you. I never wanted to hurt you." He nudged the fish gently with his hand but got no response. "Go on. Swim!"

The fish lay on its side in the shallows, its gills barely moving. Sowly it turned belly up. The boy reached for it and knew it was dead. He laid it gently in the grass, sat down beside it, and waited for the man to return.

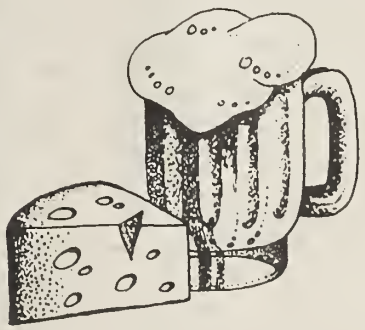
Facts --from page 4

DEANS: This seems to be the level where most negative decisions are made.
CHANCELLOR: The chancellor reviews the case and sends it to the president's office.
THE PRESIDENT AND Board of Trustees: Tenure is not officially granted until the case is accepted at this level.

A finding of excellence or strength can be changed in either direction at any level.

THE UMASS PUB

After a long day of school, between classes or for a quick lunch, why not stop in at the UMB Pub. Movies every Thursday night, games and low low prices.



Monday — Friday 12-7

Beer, Wine, Sandwiches, Snacks

Bookstore -- from page 20

Out of the three books left let's say that one is shoplifted. I get nothing for that. Now let's say the two books left don't sell, and I send them back. I receive a $16.00 credit, not cash, from the publisher. I haven't even broken even."

Laliberte claims he makes his money on greeting cards, candy, and cigarettes. "We try to keep the price of cigarettes a nickel below the machine price. Also clothing, pens, the items up to the front of the store, are where I make money."

THE POLICIES

How come we can't return books after the first three weeks of the semester? Mr. Laliberte elaborated," Our policy is the same throughout all our stores. The return policy is posted everywhere, along the cash registers, in the front of the store and outside the bookstore, so there is no question." He continued, "For the first three weeks of the semester new books can be returned. They must have not markings in them because I may have to return these books to the publisher and they will not accept them if they have markings."

"You have ten working days after the date of purchase (during these three weeks) to return new books. You must have the sales slip since I have to know if it is my book or not." Because of the great demand for used books, students must return them within two days, accompanied by the sales receipt.

After the first three weeks of the semester, all book sales are final. "There is a lot of confusion among students during this time," Rick commented. "After the first three weeks of classes we have someone help students pick out books. The purpose of this is 1. to insure that students actually know what books they need; so there is no question whether this is the right book or not, 2. to curtail shoplifting, and 3. because we have to start the process of returning books." Laliberte is aware that this policy prohibits students from browsing through books after buying required texts thereby eliminating additional purchases.

ALTERNATIVES

Some students choose not to buy their books from the bookstore at UMass/Boston. One place they buy their books is at the Book Bazaar.

Lorraine Roche, one of the two managers there, shared some of her feelings about the Book Bazaar. "This is a good alternative for students to sell books on consignment and also to buy used books. Our major problem is that we don't get enough advertising. Basically juniors, and seniors utilize the Book Bazaar. It would be better if freshmen were aware of it."

Here's how it works. The books are sold on consignment, meaning the Book Bazaar supplies the location for business for the student to sell his/her books. When the book is sold, the student receives 90 percent and the other 10 percent goes to the Book Bazaar for overhead costs. If the book does not sell within one year and the student does not claim the book, then the book becomes the property of SAC. The SAC then reduces the price of the book further. Lorraine gave an example. "If a book was selling within the year for $6.00, it would be further reduced to $3.00." Below is a chart of the conditions of the books and their corresponding percentages:

Excellent 60 percent, no underlining and clean
Good 55 percent, underlined and clean
Fair 50 percent, underlined and clean

Are there any other alternatives?

I spoke with other students who boycott the UMass/Boston Bookstore. They listed other bookstores in the Boston area where they purchase books. Here is the list:

The Harvard Bookstore
Grolier Bookstore (poetry)
The Coop
Wordsworth
Paperback Book Smith
(for general books)
Barnes and Nobles

It's up to the student to decide. If you decide that the UMass/Boston Bookstore is a ripoff for you then you do have a choice: there are alternatives. The Book Bazaar is one and if you have the time and the energy there are also local bookstores to choose from.

RECEPTION FOR GRADUATING SENIORS!

Sponsored by

UMASS/BOSTON ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Wednesday, April 30

2:30 — 6:30

Faculty Club, 11th Floor, Library.

There is life after graduation. Join us and celebrate.

Hawk -- from page 33

of nighttime, she thought. If I had nocturnal eyes that could see it all, I'd go mad. That's why most creatures sleep at night, to avoid contradictions.

She came home out of the abandoned farmland that stretched for some miles behind the house. A kitchen garden nestled against the back of the house and behind the ramshackle angles of its fence was a semicircular swoop of field up to the treeline where she stood. From there, looking straight back beyond the house was an expanse of almost a mile to the opposite ridge: a deep, short valley, now filled with the details of moonlight. In green seasons a tractor tended the valley. Beyond the silhouetted trees on the other side was south: Madison, Chicago, Mazatlan, Antartica. The house, perched as it was in a sort of bowl on the hillside, seemed to throw a certain heat up in her direction, especially in this season when the wood flowed and there were visitors. Kerosene light hung in the house; the mullions of the kitchen were reflected on the hill.

Sharon was sitting up beside the stove when Sarah came in. She looked up from her notebook and smiled hello. Sarah nodded and hung her jacket on a chair. She checked the stove and held her hands before the open firedoor a moment. "Everyone else asleep?" she asked. Sharon nodded. "Awful early, isn't it?"

"About 10:30. We're planning to be in the field before dawn."

"Oh." They were silent awhile. Sharon sipped from a wineglass as she perused her notebook. After awhile she asked, "Is it snowing yet?"

"No. It'll start soon, I think. Finish your blinds?"

"Uh-huh. Finished them by flashlight." Sharon's brow was furrowed. She drummed her fingers on the arm of her chair and stared at the stove. She was tired and disheveled; she hadn't waited up merely to chit-chat. After more silence she said, as if to herself, studying the reflections in the window, "You know, Sarah, everyone looked to you for inspiration. You were a model, you were what we all wanted to be when we grew up. When you decided against grad school, the heart went out of our little circle. Everything went to hell for awhile." She looked up. Sarah was staring at the fire. "You know Jim and Angela never went on. Michael's off somewhere in Kansas, for Christ's sake." She paused. "I'm not even sure you remember these names."

Sarah grimaced, then looked up at the other woman. "It's very hard for me to believe that I was all that important."

"I know. Well, it's not that I'm blaming you, but it seemed to me at the time that there was a sort of contract between us all, an agreement, a committment to work." She looked from the window to Sarah and back again. "A romantic notion, I guess . . . anyone could have left and the result probably would have been the same. But still that feeling was lost. It was as if you were shitting on us all, saying we weren't enough."

"I gave my reasons. I thought then that it was a failure, my failure, and I still do. But it just wasn't for me, Sharon, there was just not anything I could enjoy about it anymore."

"You enjoyed it for four years."

"Yes, parts of it."

"But Sarah, we had such plans, all of us, and we could have done it, all of us working together."

"Yes. I let you down, I agree. I just couldn't stand the structure anymore."

Sharon thought for a moment, plucking the ends of torn-out pages from her notebook and tossing them at the fire. She looked up at Sarah. "But what else is there? Your life here must be -- life in the country is *made* of routine. It's external structure you disrespect, imposed structure."

"I suppose . . . " Sarah began.

"Well, look, Sarah, look at it. Here," Sharon motioned about, "you feel that the particulars of your life and you, yourself, spring from a common source. Am I right? It seems an organic thing to you, as if life made sense, as if you weren't alienated, but free. Actually, of course, you're still dependent on external structure. You think you choose this, and that therefore you're free. Nobody's free." There was irritation and a trace of good-natured triumph in Sharon's voice.

"I don't . . . " objected Sarah, and paused. "I didn't say *all* structure, I said *the* structure, that particular structure. Of course you're right. I'm still not coming back though. I'll pick my own form of slavery."

"I wasn't trying to talk you into anything. I just wanted you to know how I felt."

"OK." Sarah motioned toward Sharon's finger. "Speaking of freedom, I see you're married now. Anybody I know?"

"No," Sharon smiled down at the wedding band. "He's from my hometown. He's tall and handsome and quiet. He writes for a newspaper. We go back a long ways -- almost childhood sweethearts. I'm a little bit pregnant."

"Really! Congratulations. Good luck."

"Hmmm. I was a little unsure -- no, frightened, at first."

"This was planned, wasn't it?" It was impossible to imagine Sharon making that sort of mistake.

"Oh yes. We both wanted it . . . A strange feeling, some sort of meaningless apprehension. You'd think natural selection would have weeded out second thoughts by now."

"Probably just nature's way of making sure your're paying attention. You'll make a great mother, Sharon. What about your work?"

"Denis is very open-minded about that. We've made a deal to try to minimize the damage family life will do to our careers, and vice-versa."

Again, they were silent for awhile. Sarah fed the fire. Sharon brought in an armload of wood and pensively announced that a light snow was falling. Sarah nodded. "You know," she said, "I think someday I'll have a child, too."

"You?" Sharon asked suspiciously. "I can't picture it, Sarah."

"Uh-huh. I'm not ready yet. Before I'm thirty, though."

"I never would have imagined the thought would cross your mind."

Sarah escorted Sharon to the empty bedroom beside her own. Sharon took her hand at the door and whispered, "It's good to see you again, Sarah, I've missed you, everyone has, I'm sure. I didn't mean to bitch at you before."

"No. Goodnight."

A bit later Sarah awoke. There had been an anomalous noise. It was late: the moon was almost set, and its low, reflected light filled the room. The snow had stopped falling. She waited, her eyes open to the ceiling, with a steadily advancing realization of what had awakened her. Then she heard it again -- the sounds of lovemaking next door. She rolled over and fell back asleep.

They were right on it in the morning. The sounds of their breakfasting and stove-lighting woke Sarah a half hour before dawn. She stared at her frozen breath and considered lying in bed until they had left, then frowned: an adolescent attitude, she told herself. She got up into the morning cold that wrapped itself around her and snapped her awake.

They were at the kitchen stove, drinking coffee and warming their hands around the cups. They all looked half-asleep. Bob might have been completely asleep, leaned back in a chair with his eyes closed and his shoeless feet on the table. They greeted her with nods and mumbles.

"How much snow did we get?" Sarah asked, heading for the window.

"Inch, inch and a half," Eric replied abruptly. His reticence of the evening before seemed to have vanished. He looked up from the stove to Sarah and around to the rest of the group. He smoothed back his beard and mustache. "Nothing that'll hinder us. Should be a good clear day for observation." He went to the table, tapped Bob's feet and spread his maps again. Eric was much more trustworthy, if not more likeable, now that he was taking an active part. Bob got up and disappeared for a moment. He returned with a still and movie camera and a collapsible tripod on a strap. He yawned thoughtfully and began checking the contents of a calfskin photo supply bag.

"Hmmm. I guess," murmured Sharon, responding to the activity. She and Paul abandoned their opposite sides of the stove. He rummaged through a knapsack filled with books, notebooks, binoculars and other paraphenalia, and she filled one with sandwiches and thermos bottles. She offered Sarah a cup. Sarah declined.

"Sarah, will you look at this a moment?" Eric asked her, pointing to his map. "Here is where we'll be, near where you suggested." He indicated two circled and numbered sites where they had built their blinds, about two miles apart and somewhat off to the west of Sarah's evening walk route. She knew the areas well, she had offered them because they were both in what she called the "University's" territory, though, regrettably, on the edge of "her's" and because they would be frequented by the raptors her visitors sought. Both commanded views of open field and moderately dense woods. Sarah nodded. Eric smiled formally, looked around and seeing everyone else ready, pulled on a baggy and many-pocketed fatigue jacket.

"See you tonight, Sarah," Sharon said as they traipsed off into the squeeking snow.

"Right. Happy hunting."

Sarah watched until she couldn't see them in the dawn light, then shrugged once, shaking off something.

Much as she tried to deny it, as she went through that Saturday morning's chores Sarah felt an attraction up the hill, an anxiousness to be in the field herself. To fight it off, she worked harder. She accomplished a thorough cleaning of the equipment, walls, and floors of the skin shed -- a job she would never have even considered before. She put in order for winter use a long abandoned root cellar. Scurrying across the roof to fix a leak located by the melting snow, and sliding by accident almost to the eaves and over, she replied to Sharon's comment that country life may well be routine, but it does have its little adventures. And, around noon, after splitting that day's ration of wood, she succumbed, shouldered her rifle, and hiked off into the woods.

Sarah had never confirmed the existence of her legal right to hunt for herself on the University's reservation. The land was off-limits to other, lay, hunters. She felt no need to justify her hunting to herself, and in her two-year tenure at the station she had never been questioned about or reprimanded for it. If anyone noticed, they assumed she was pursuing her duty to the school. Besides, she enjoyed it, both because it was another of those things that seemed directly connected with her own survival and because, so she amused herself, there was a bit of the mystic in her: it was satisfying to be a lonely Angel of Death, even if her domain was only seven hundred acres and even though she liberated only the souls of rabbit and pheasant. In more rational moments she reminded herself that more likely and more often her appreciation was the scientist in her getting the upper hand. Hunters are the original, and best, students of animal behaviour.

She walked off toward the east for a long ways, the full six miles to the enormous cornfields that marked the boundary of the University lands, and then back. Numerous opportunities presented themselves on the hike out, but Sarah was content to observe. Early in the morning, about the time her visitors had left the house, a deer had left droppings along the edge of a field as it headed for its daytime bivouac and Sarah could tell, approximately, where it was resting and which way it would run if flushed. She saw a bitch fox trotting along on some diurnal errand, the sunlight predicted by Eric smoldering in the dull rust of her coat before she dipped back into the woods. The dilapidated fences around the fields sheltered rabbits. She was tempted to lie for one for dinner as she was tempted by the pheasants that flew up in front of her in a great rush of color and noise, still provoking her heart to leap. Red-winged blackbirds perched on moldering strands of barbed wire. She saw a half-mile long flock of migrating geese. Above the fields she saw a large bird floating in the thermals and whether it was hunting or just floating she couldn't tell but she knew that its eyesight was such that if hawks could read, this one would know that her .22 was made in Springfield, MA by the Smith and Wesson Company.

By the time she started back, Sarah had decided what sort of meat to have for dinner. When she came to a field she doubled back to get the sun behind her. She swished the grass, both bird dog and hunter. She stared into the middle distance, framing the moving zone where her one shot would be. When it happened, though she still gasped, she used the frozen inhale (what is the reason for that? part of her mind wanted to know) partially releasing her breath as she squeezed the trigger, a tang of powder, and the bird, an afterthought, tipped to one side and dropped. The bullet had hit where the wing joined the body. A few little feathers floated down above. She ran to finish it, some loose rounds clinking together in the box in her pocket. She reminded herself to do something about that, stuff some grass in the box or something. She killed the bird outright, which was something of a shame, it had been rare, at least until recently, that she even winged a pheasant; they were so fast and it was impossible to stalk them. One was not enough. She moved on to the next field.

About ten miles west Sharon and Bob were crouched uncomfortably in one of the blinds made the night before. Except for the early morning activity of applying some finishing touches to the blind -- it had to afford perfect concealment -- and a few short walks to relieve themselves and work out the cramps, they had been waiting in the same positions all day. Not without some luck, however; they had seen two cruising *lineatus*, Sharon's notes recorded, and one of them had dropped on a field mouse, a drama that still surprised Sharon in its violence. The limp body clutched in the talons was often not yet dead when the hawk flew off, she

realized, but the tiny intelligence that inhabited it had given up entirely. She knew that birds of prey had been observed playing, like cats, with disabled but still living animals. Her notes did not record these thoughts, however, but such data as estimated wind speed, cloud cover, number and altitude of passes, and whether these were, or seemed to be, with specific prey in view or just searching passes. Bob had clicked off two rolls of film. They both were satisfied that the discomfort had been worth it, though neither of the birds they'd seen had fallen for their trap, a device that was a legacy of the art of falconry.

Except now a third bird seemed interested. It was a *Buteo*, so if it took the bait the day would be fruitful indeed. It circled high above, the center of its circle the cage staked to the ground at the far end of the field. Bob coaxed in a whisper. Sharon turned her binoculars from the sky to the trap. The bait, a white laboratory rat, was oblivious, sniffing out through the mesh of the camouflaged wire.

The hawk took its time. Bob asked if perhaps it wasn't just playing. "No," Sharon answered, "She's definitely flying a hunting pass." She was writing rapidly, noting that the bird was missing a primary, one of the big feathers at the outside edge of the wing, when Bob grunted in excitement. His camera started clicking like mad. Looking up, she saw the hawk about twenty feet above the ground, then jouncing the trap, screeching in surprise, and through the binoculars she saw that it was caught. At least two of the fishline nooses on the cage had looped onto the hawk's leg and talons. She dropped her paraphenalia and sprinted into the field.

The hawk was a large *lineatus*. It had stopped beating its great wings by the time she got to it. It was in a towering rage, following her motions with its eyes and making dark noises, warning her. She waited for Bob who soon came panting up behind her. "Now what?" he asked, looking uncertainly from the bird to her. She was flushed and smiling in appreciation of the animal.

"I'm going to band it," she replied, taking a pair of heavy gloves from her pocket. "You can help, if you want."

"Sure."

Sharon held down the bird's head and wings and tilted its body to one side. Bob listened to Sharon's instructions, then fumbled with the tag and pliers, unsure of how to work them and even more unsure of the scaly talons and their freedom of motion. While the hawk tried to squirm out her hands, Sharon remarked to herself how strong it was. She'd done this many times before, but the amount of effort required to subdue the frightened animal still surprised her. She carried a deep scar where a Snowy Owl, a much larger bird than this, had lunged and caught her above the elbow as she approached. Between giving Bob directions, she talked and clucked to the bird. "There, there, it's all right," she whispered, "just a minute and we'll be done with you and you'll have a nice yellow bracelet. The envy of the forest." The hawk twisted and tried to dig its beak through the hard leather. "Life just doesn't make sense when the mouse catches the hawk, does it?"

"OK, Sharon, how tight?" Bob asked.

"Just enough so it doesn't move. Don't cinch it up tight, she may have to wear it the rest of her life. Then cut away the fishline, all of it. Don't leave any that'll get caught in brush." After he did this Sharon was about to release the bird.

"Hold on a second. I want to get a picture of this." While he was getting set up, Sharon remembered to check the wing and discovered that it was the third primary that was missing. "OK." She let it go and jumped back. With long slow deliberate wing beats the hawk flew off over the forest. Bob relaxed visibly once it was out of sight.

"Inspiring, no?" she asked. Bob nodded.

"Magnificent. They're much more colorful up close." He shook his head. "Christ, though, ferocious little bastards, aren't they?" Sharon laughed.

"First time I banded one it scared the shit out of me. It's really surprising how strong and fast they are. Wait till you run into one of the really big ones. Or a Goshawk. They're only a little bigger than these, but their reputation for viciousness is, as they say, well deserved. They'll come after you."

A little before sunset, Bob and Sharon rejoined Eric and Paul at the other blind and the two teams hiked back to the house. They arrived to find Sarah dressing the second of the two pheasants she had shot. A few feathers had escaped the plastic bag into which she was putting the waste and lay around her, indistinguishable from the fallen maple leaves which also lay around her except for their tendency to blow about in the slightest breeze. Paul and Sharon stood around her while she finished.

"Have any luck?" Sarah asked, stabbing into the plucked carcass.

"It's more skill than luck, Sarah," Sharon joked.

"Yes. We were quite successful," Paul said, staring at Sarah's work, or so it seemed, allowing for his skewed vision. "Bob and Sharon had three sightings and Eric and I had five. They banded a *lineatus* and Eric and I a *lineatus* and a *borealis*." He looked away as Sarah scooped out a handful of intestine. She separated the crop and stomach from the rest of the slimy mass and sliced them open on the block. She pushed the contents around with the point of her knife.

"Ah," she said, "they're getting down to berries now that the green is gone." She looked up at them. "I saw a Falcon today."

"Oh?" said Sharon.

"A Sparrow Hawk."

"*Sparverius*?" Paul asked.

"Ummmm. I think that's it. Did you discover any patterns or anything?"

"No," answered Sharon, "but Eric and Paul here saw the one we banded, and then we saw it again afterwards, so there appears there may be some overlapping circular boundaries to their territories, at least in that particular case . . . By the way, Paul, how close were you to that bird?"

"He perched nearby for a while. Twenty meters, maybe a little closer."

"Did you notice anything distinctive about it?"

"No, what?" He looked at her.

"Missing primary on the left wing."

"Oh." He turned back toward Sarah's work. "Eric may have seen it." He kicked at a stray feather.

"OK," Sarah said, "That does it." She picked up the two cleaned carcasses and headed for the house. She left them soaking in the kitchen, then went back outside, retrieved the plastic bag and disappeared into the woods. She returned in the dark an hour later with the empty bag. She stood and surveyed the house. It did not seem as peaceful as it had the previous evening, a sign that she was not, as she had hoped she would be, getting used to her visitors' presence. Twenty-four more hours, she told herself.

Her irritation lingered through dinner, into the discussion she and Bob and Sharon had afterwards over a gallon of wine. "Bob," she asked when the bottle was half empty, "did you get some good photographs today?" Bob thought about this a moment with his fingers to his lips.

"Yes," he said slowly, "I think I did. Should be some excellent shots there." He appeared preoccupied. "I think I may have captured something there, with your," he turned to Sharon, "releasing that one we banded -- jumping back from the wings."

"Cowardice, probably," Sharon said, "Those wings can break your arm."

"Yes, but I think I may have caught the look in your eyes, and what you were doing and what the hawk was doing, a sort of symmetry. Both seemed such . . . involuntary actions: you were both acting on instinct."

"What's a nice artist like you doing out in the woods with a bunch of flinty scientist types like us?" Sharon interposed. From the table where Paul and Eric were working came a short laugh.

"And then, " Bob continued, "the next few shots are of you looking up at the hawk as it flies off, not too much further away. Should make a good series. Big color blowups to hang on your wall." In the pause that followed they could hear Eric and Paul's deliberate voices exchanging calculations and the pages of books turning. They were having an earnest, quiet disagreement about the mathematics of territoriality. It was distracting, like a television on in an adjacent room just loud enough to hear. Sarah and Sharon could understand most of the substance of the argument and Sarah could tell that they wanted Sharon to come and help settle the question and also that Sharon wasn't about to. Sarah didn't like the tension in the room, it made her skin tight and uncomfortable, like a sunburn. The wine was getting to her. She caught Sharon's eye. Sharon shrugged.

"You know," Sarah blurted, a little too loudly, "I wonder about this sometimes: Almost everybody, at least everybody who's studied them, has all kinds of admiration for the hawk. At least it seems like admiration. And maybe a touch of envy, too, for their gifts -- their power and grace and their eyesight and silent flight." Paul and Eric had looked over from their work. But I wonder if maybe there isn't also some fear. Some sort of genetic mam -- mammal --"

"Mammalian," Paul prompted.

"Right, Mammalian." She put down her glass. "That's about enough for me," she said. "A touch of genetic mammaliam terror at the shadow above. A need to keep an eye on it."

"It would be the same revulsion people have for reptiles, maybe," Bob added.

"Hmmmm," Sharon agreed, "And the same fascination, too."

"Well, it only makes sense," Bob continued, "We -- humans, that is -- have both; I mean in my vague understanding of evolution, we have characteristics of both reptiles and birds in our makeup, in our, what is the word. Ontogeny. We would feel an affinity for both."

"Ah," Sharon, "but the birds are actually just warm-blooded reptiles, *hot* reptiles as we used to say in Zoology 101. So they're the ones that most graphically mix both characteristics, the warm-blooded fear, and the cold-hearted rapacity." She winked at Sarah. "Such eloquence," she said.

"Right," Eric said loudly, standing up. "So to compensate for being the interface of two classes, God gave them the gift of flight." He was facetious, disgusted. "But this doesn't fry any fish."

"Right," Sharon mocked, "don't you people know there's a war on?"

"You're drunk," Eric sneered. "I'm going to bed." He shuffled papers into order and clapped a book cover down sharply.

"Yup," Sharon responded, "drunk, blind, shitfaced." She poured more wine, a wavering stream that splashed half out of her glass. She smiled but her eyes were focused sharply and her fingers clenched tight on the bottleneck. Eric fixed that stare on her, the same one he had used on Sarah the day before when she was pointing out sites on the map, then he left the room. Paul worked awhile longer, then he left, dropping a prim 'good night' into the silence.

"Serious guys," said Bob after Paul was out of earshot.

"Yeah. Serious." Sharon snorted. "They think this project is going to make them famous. Probably will. Sometimes I think they're such neurotic dodos, though," she giggled at the prospect, "that they won't know enough to enjoy it when it happens. Either that or they're wound so tight that the adoration will drive them over the edge. Sometimes I think -- oh, the hell with it. I'm going to bed, too." She stood up. Sarah didn't say anything. She retrieved her glass and drained it, filled it again. Sharon watched her, then she left.

Bob shrugged. "I don't know. Sometimes they just don't get along. They'll be buddy-buddy and back to work tomorrow. I think they're too smart. Either that or *they* think they're too smart. They come and cry on my shoulder. It's amazing that they can get anything done, work together at all." He slapped his knees and stood up. "But me," he pointed to his chest, "I just take pictures." Sarah smiled politely.

"Good night, Bob," she said.

She sat with the wine until she was drunk enough to sleep. She woke at seven the next morning when the sun rose high enough to bring her headache to full bloom. Her mouth was very dry and she was angry. She had allowed them to bother her, she had allowed herself to temporarily drink the irritation away, she had allowed the whole thing to happen. There was a mindless little accusatory singsong going around and around in her head.

She tried working off her anger as she had done the day before, but it did not work, this was different. She needed to kill something. Or at least go for a long walk with her gun, go through the act, anyway, of hunting. After three or four hours of rapid blind fuming marching, she felt a little calmer and her headache and uncoordination subsided somewhat. Now she could concentrate on finding game. She doubled back to keep the sun out of her eyes, as she had done yesterday afternoon.

That morning, according to their plan to spread Bob's talents among the three researchers, he worked with Eric. As she sat in the other blind with Paul, the cramped quarters and her slight hangover left Sharon claustrophobic and dazed, but she wasn't about to give Paul the satisfaction of knowing this. She screwed all her concentration into the work and once corrected one of his identifications, intentionally breathing into his face with her post-debauch breath, which was formidable, even under the toothpaste, knowing he wouldn't say anything. She was having sort of a good time, she admitted to herself, and they had had better luck than she and Bob had yesterday. Paul and she worked well together, and though there was much in him that she found distasteful, still she admired his skill.

After two hours of hunting, Sarah's irritation returned. She had fired only one round and that had splashed up the dust beside a motionless rabbit. She couldn't even make the potshots. She cursed at herself. Her brain was clouded. "White man's firewater," she muttered to herself. She felt enfeebled and lost and as if all the instincts she had sedulously cultivated over the last three years had been ripped out by one weekend with

these clowns. And now it was late afternoon. She was puzzled by this and then remembered that she had woke late. The edge of yet another instinct dulled.

She tramped along noisily, trying to remember to keep her head up and her eyes scanning. She came out of the trees on top of a low, broad hill which sloped down to a perpendicular-running strip of field. There, twenty-five or so yards away a rabbit grazed, not far from the opposite treeline. The contours of the rabbit were outlined vividly by the low angle of the sun. She froze. The rabbit was oblivious nibbling at its dinner. Between the sights Sarah saw that its brown fur was tinged with white, the beginning of winter coloration. She fired and the rabbit jerked, a bad sign. It should have slumped. The rabbit took off, running for the trees. One hind leg bounced along uselessly.

"Shit!" Sarah yelled. Then she began running after it, feeling both excitement in the chase and the weight of responsibility for the quick end of the animal's pain.

They ran a long way. She lost the rabbit for awhile when it ran to brushy cover. She spooked it when jogging along its spotty trail of blood. It dashed out into open fields again. After twenty minutes of chase, she began to try to gauge the rabbit's resourcefulness instead of just running blindly after it. She tried to head it off, tried to scare it in the direction of a clear shot by throwing rocks and sticks to one side of where it was hiding. It always ran in the wrong direction or flashed in the open for too short a time. She continued after it. Her throat felt scalded and the imbalance of the rifle's weight slowed her down.

Finally, it ran again into a large field. Sarah had a clear shot, but a long one: the wounded rabbit had gained on her. It ran across stubbled ground fifty-sixty yards in front of her as she stumbled out of the woods and she drew quick aim, leading the lobsided loping shape and then another shape appeared at the top edge of her vision, distracting her, then realizing it was a hawk, specifically a Goshawk which had been about to steal her game, she fired without aiming, intending to miss, a warning shot to scare it off. It worked. The hawk flew off and perched on a nearby limb, waiting another chance. She followed its flight with the gun barrel.

Thirty yards away at the other end of the field Paul and Sharon broke cover at the same time. "No!" Paul shouted, waving his arms, gaining her attention. Sarah spun in surprise with her eye still to the sights, concentrating, saw who it was -- both figures freezing in mid-step in surprise and fear, like cartoon images, the upper halves of their bodies leaning back involuntarily -- and laughed.

Paul and Sharon ran up to her after she had lowered the gun barrel. Sarah was still chuckling, then grinning. They smiled politely along with her, but they were frightened.

"Christ," Sharon panted, eyes wide, "I thought for a second there --"

"Yeah," Sarah replied, "I know you did. I guess you were supposed to." She turned. "See you later on," she said, and trotted along after the rabbit, figuring whose land it would run across next, or if it was dead, and then it didn't matter.

Jazz Solo

Two birds dead on the bricks, right here.
Someone should investigate, could be a trend

Two birds dead on the bricks, right here.
Someone should investigate, could be a trend;
though one is crisp with rock salt.
(Keepin' up with the changes, the bass player
sets a foundation over shifting earth)
a scientist, working ahead of the rate of change.

An uncle told me the ocean never changes
though it's always different; I believed him then,
now he's crisp too, and doubting. Find a test
we can administrate the elders, chart the trends.
(There's a drummer in back, his pulse must be mine.
When we're swinging, a spot check is fine;
when rhythms stack up toppling, I must clutch the beast,
react from the spine, speak with the voice of the other.)

John Zieman

from 3

ning! However, I am now becoming concerned that the facts the commission uncovered have not been made public. The memo that the Chancellor released sort of suggests that they are doing something, that there is *some* motion; but, there still is no public disclosure of exactly what we found. *I am convinced that unless they do that, it is going to give the appearance that there is some kind of cover-up. In fact, I'm about to send a memo to the Chancellor to the affect that I'm not exactly pleased that I'm in a position where it seems I'm being made part of a cover-up.* I took this thing for exactly the opposite reason, to make it clear that this is not the kind of thing that I'm going to tolerate, any kind of cover-up. *But it seems just the opposite thing happened.*

Wavelength: What is your reaction to vice chancellor Baxter's statement that "For the good of the university the matter should be dropped."?

Hogan: Did he say that? O God! I think that is totally ridiculous. For the good of the university it ought to be cleared up. It does more harm perhaps than the incident itself to just drop it. We need to know what happened. We need people to know that we know what happened. We found sufficient evidence to indicate that they (the campus police) were at grievous fault and to say that for the good of the university it ought to be dropped is a statement that does nobody any good.

Wavelength: If changes are not made concerning the police do you believe that there is a strong possibility that a similar or more serious incident could occur?

Hogan: I certainly do! I certainly do!

Letters to the Editors

Seabrook

As the sun rose above the marshes in Seabrook, New Hampshire last October 6, over sixty UMass/Boston students waded through knee-deep water as they made their way toward the fences that surround the nuclear power plant construction site.. The UMass students, along with approximately 3,500 other demonstrators were met at the fences by scores of state police and National Guardsmen. Tear gas, mace, clubs, and water hoses were violently used by police to push back the wave of human beings who were attempting to occupy the site with the intention of permanently stopping construction.

Many members of the UMass group were victims of police brutality. While some found the rain and cold temperatures merely uncomfortable, others suffered serious health problems such as pneumonia and hypothermia. Drawing worldwide attention for their direct action efforts, the demonstrators managed to stop construction for three days before leaving the site.

In spite of all the police brutality and difficulties of October 6, it appears that over one hundred UMass/Boston students will participate in an occupation/blockade attempt at Seabrook on May 24th. A large collective committment exists at UMass/Boston to stop Seabrook construction.sStudents from several campus groups are uniting for the purpose of shutting down Seabrook permanently.

Although most of the UMass participants share a common committment to shutting down Seabrook, other reasons motivate them to use non-violent direct action at a nuclear site. Joe Allen, a member of the UMass anti-war committee shares a view with many anti-nuclear activists across the country. "Seabrook is now the focal point of anti-nuclear activity in the U.S.," Allen states. "It is on the verge of financial collapse." By stopping Seabrook, a chain reaction could happen and all of the nukes across the country could be forced to shut down." Allen went on to add, "The nuclear industry and government have lied to us time and time again about nuclear power. The only way we can end this nuclear madness is to do it ourselves." Ann Coppola, UMass Kennedy campaign coordinator and member of the SAC has a firm, but more moderate view. "Actions such as those at Seabrook are important because people are taking control over their lives by sending the government a strong message," says Coppola. "Actions such as these empower people and let them realize that they can participate directly in important decisions that affect the future of our country."

Melissa Sansome has a philosophical view of direct action. "Laws are made to protect the people," says Sansome, "and when the laws do not serve this purpose, then we must appeal to the higher authority of our own conscience." In the areas around the Three Mile Island nuclear plant, the laws are not protecting the 14 children who have been born with a thyroid condition that has been directly related to radioactive iodine that has been released from the reactor core."

Student Trustee Chris Alberto plans to participate in the spring action at Seabrook, and he feels the timing of the May 24th action will insure the permanent shut-down of the site. Alberto states that the several anti-nuclear actions this spring, including the April 26th march on Washington, will bring the issue of nuclear power to the forefront, and will intensify Seabrook action. Alberto also feels that the growing discontent of the residents of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania will justify the claims of anti-nuclear activists across the country.

How will UMass/Boston students participate in the overall plan of the May 24th action? Perhaps UMB student Seth Kolseth will be proved correct in saying that "When thousands of people go towards the Seabrook fences on May 24th with fence cutters and ropes, you can be sure that there will be UMass students holding key positions in the front lines."

Kristan Bagely and Ken Tangvik

INFOFEST

To the Editor of Wavelength:

We would like to take this opportunity to invite members of the greater University community to join with us in efforts towards acheiving Racial Harmony for a Better Boston as part of the seventh annual Spring INFOFEST here at UMass/Boston.

Three days of special events, workshops, films, art n' crafts, and exhibits will begin on Wednesday the 30th of April and continue through Friday the 2nd of May. Highlighting this celebration will be a concert on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in the 010 cafe featuring the reggae music of the Zion Intonations. Donation at the door is $2.00.

As campus unrest continues over issues related to us all, we encourage every one to celebrate Spring and the semester's end by joining us in constructive endeavors towards increasing communication and cooperation among the many cultural and ethnic populations who together form our University.

Yours sincerely,

Sherry Thomas, Director of INFO
Christopher Clifford, Director of INFOFEST
Christopher Alberto, Student Trustee
Carmen Dillon, Assistant Vice Chancellor for Academice Affairs
Sarah Small, Campus Minister

The Last Word

As *Wavelength* ends its first year we bid good-bye to Janet Diamond and Rick Bowers, our two founders. We wish them the best luck and the greatest success as their careers at UMass come to an end. Everyone on the staff will miss their endless energy and creativity.

Next year we will continue to publish objective news analysis, quality fiction, poetry, and art, as well as informative and entertaining articles on a variety of topics. We need new talent of all kinds to replace our graduating staff. If you're interested in doing advertising, copyediting, proofreading, typesetting, news coverage, typing, photography, layout, or in contributing fiction, graphics or poetry, stop by our office in the English department (010/6/066) or call us at x2636. Thanks for reading us and thanks to all our contributors – we'll be back with issue #5 in the fall.

Wavelength would like to thank The Real Paper for its help with the cover photo. Cary Wolinsky, please contact us.

The *Wavelength* Staff

Back covers by Steven
Eric Emmons